



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

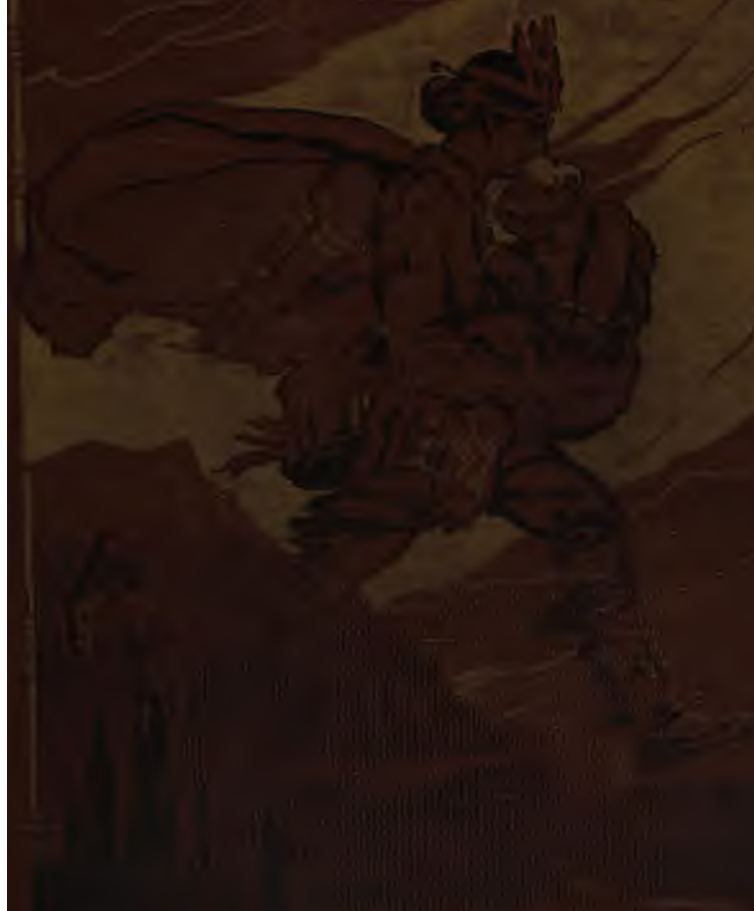
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

INDIAN HERO TALES



JOHN HUBERT CORNYN

37506.12

Harvard College Library



LIBRARY OF THE Graduate School of Education

COLLECTION OF TEXT-BOOKS

CONTRIBUTED BY THE PUBLISHERS

TRANSFERRED

TO

HARVARD COLLEGE

INDIAN HERO TALES



“Chácopee let out the lasso.” FRONTISPIECE. See page 107.

INDIAN HERO TALES

Wonder Stories of the First
Americans

By
JOHN HUBERT CORNYN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
GEORGE VARIAN



BOSTON
LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY
1921

27256.7.21

✓

HARVARD UNIVERSITY
GRADUATE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
GIFT OF THE PUBLISHERS

APR 24 1922

HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
TRANSFERRED FROM THE
LIBRARY OF THE
GRADUATE SCHOOL OF EDUCATION
1935

DEZ

12/73

Copyright, 1921,
BY LITTLE, BROWN, AND COMPANY.

All rights reserved

Published September, 1921

INTRODUCTION

The Story-Teller. The North American Indian was a lover of tales; and with him the office of story-teller was held in high repute. His philosophy, his history, his cosmography and his theology, his traditions, his folk tales and his songs were entrusted to the keeping of the tribal story-teller and the medicine man, who formed the links connecting the present with the past. The medicine man was bound by tradition and custom, for his lore was largely ritualistic; and as such it had to be committed to memory word for word and delivered in the same manner. But the tribal story-teller, whose business it was to entertain his audience, was free to tell his story in his own language. The superiority of his picturesque presentation, his oratorical powers and his rhetorical forms of speech assured him a place of preëminence in the estimation of his people.

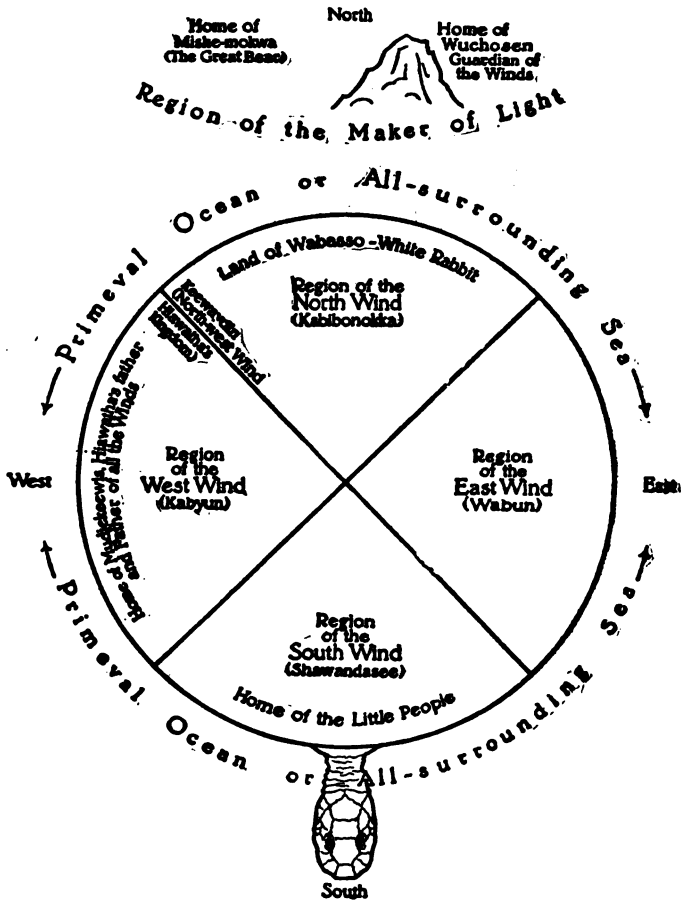
Among the hunting and semi-nomadic tribes of the northern United States and Canada, owing to the strenuousness of their lives and their warlike characteristics, the hero tale received a special development which made it remarkable among the stories of the native American races. Although the hero tale seems to have been largely made up of broken-down myths and re-

INTRODUCTION

ligious beliefs, its characters were altogether human in their actions, if one allows for the point of view and the culture of the audiences to whom their adventures were related. So, to understand and to sympathize with these Indian heroes, one must know the world in which the Indian lived; his curiously primitive philosophy; his childlike faith in the mysterious powers of nature; and the wonderful reaches of his imagination.

The Indian World. The Indian hero moved in a strange world peculiarly his own. He pictured this world as a great circular island supported upon the back of a monster turtle. When the turtle moved uneasily under his never-ending burden, he caused earthquakes and other commotions of the earth. The visible horizon which apparently bounds the surface of the land probably suggested the idea of this island; and the sealike sky, which hems it in on all sides, suggested that of the All-surrounding Sea, or Primeval Ocean. Beyond the All-surrounding Sea, but connected everywhere with it, was the great Ocean of Sky-land. One might sail across the All-surrounding Sea on up into the Ocean of Sky-land; and there are numerous stories of Indian leaders who did. The Mexican hero, Quetzalcoatl (The Fair God) sailed from the

INTRODUCTION



Map of the Indian World

INTRODUCTION

Unknown-land, the home of his father, the Sun, over the great Purple Sea, to the shores of Mexico, on his mission of culture and civilization; and, when his work was done, he sailed back again over the same sea, to the Sun-land.

Little Thunder and his brother, Badger, two Algonquin culture heroes, sailed for many days over the All-surrounding Sea, to the fearful island home of Glooskap, the great manitu, whence they brought back with them the wonder-working magic and the many culture secrets of Glooskap. Scar Face, another Indian hero, reached the Sky-land by following the trail of the Sun westward until he came to the outer limits of the island world. Thence he crossed, in the magic stone canoe of the Feather-man (Cloud-man), to the Halfway Island which marked the outer boundary of the All-surrounding Sea. From the Halfway Island he climbed up the Rainbow Bridge into the Sun-land.

When the Indian creator decided to place the earth in the midst of the great Primeval Ocean, he had to have something out of which to make it. So he sent several animals, one after the other, down into the depths of the waters. But they returned to him exhausted. Finally the turtle, more dead than alive, came up with a single grain of sand between his toes. This the creator placed upon the back of the turtle, where,

INTRODUCTION

by his magic, he caused it to grow into a vast island.

To the north of the Primeval Ocean by which the earth was surrounded, at the outer limit of the world-waters, was a great rock, the home of Wuchosen, the Father of all the Winds that Blow. On the top of this cold northern rock he sat; and when he flapped his wings, the winds rushed out from beneath them, over the face of ocean and earth. When he flapped his wings softly, the winds blew softly; when he flapped them fast, the winds raced fearfully; and when he flapped them in anger, the winds lashed the sea into fury and tore up the forests.

Far in the north, too, was the home of the Maker of Light, from the smoke hole of whose yellow-painted wigwam came the smoke that formed the Northern Lights. A very old man and a great magician and singer was he. At his command came the frost and the snow and the fearful northern winds.

The Island-earth was divided into four equal parts, each of which was ruled over by one of the four wind spirits, all brothers: The North Wind, the South Wind, the East Wind and the West Wind. The dividing lines which marked off these divisions formed a cross. Hence both the cross and the number four were sacred signs or symbols among many American Indian tribes.

INTRODUCTION

The Algonquin and the Iroquois heroes are frequently represented as traveling the sacred four days continuously in one direction, or twice four days; or four days to a certain point and four days back again. Sometimes what seems four days to the hero is really four years.

The North Wind brought the Winter, with the northern blasts, the frost and the ice; the South Wind brought the Summer; and his servants, the Little People, danced the leaves on all the trees, the green grass, in Spring, from out the brown bosom of the earth; and, with their songs and their mystic ritual, they called the flowers from their long sleep. The East Wind brought the morning; and the West Wind ushered in the night, which the Moon-mother and her countless children, the stars, looked after until the Sun-father relieved them of their watch on the coming of day.

Field of Action. The Indian hero had for his field of action the heavens, the earth and the regions under the earth. He sailed in magic canoes that moved of their own volition; he rode upon the winds or he outdistanced them by the power of his wondrous magic moccasins. He traversed the earth from end to end; he scaled the heavens and he braved the dangers of the fearful regions under the earth. Often he had

INTRODUCTION

for his parents the Sun-father or the Moon-mother, a Sun-maiden, a powerful manitu, the Moon Woman, or one of the wind gods. He moved and struggled and triumphed in a boundless field of supernatural beings, who now aided him, now opposed him, in the prosecution of his mission and the obtaining of his ends. It was a world of stupendous magic in which he lived and moved and had his being. And he consequently fought magic with magic. Nearly all the great battles of Indian heroes were won through the possession of magical powers or powerful charms. Hence belief in the power and efficacy of magic was one of the fundamental tenets of Indian faith and philosophy. It entered into every important movement of his existence; and, by and through it, he ordered his life. It constituted the greater part of his religious ceremonies and rites; and was the foundation of his medicinal practices. He painted on his wigwam, his medicine lodge, his canoe and his moccasins the wonder-working signs and symbols of the most approved magic. He adorned his blankets, and often his person, with the same symbols. In his tribal life he elected and had the most implicit faith in medicine men, who were the interpreters and workers of the tribal magic and other mystical signs and ritual, and the guardians of all tribal symbolistic and religious lore.

INTRODUCTION.

The Indian Hero. To fully sympathize with the heroes of Indian tales one must understand the age in which they had their birth, an age very different from our own.

Let us imagine a time in the development of the human race when practically all the laws of nature were unknown; and when men peopled the earth with countless imaginary beings endowed with miraculous powers which they were only too prone to use against one another and against all created things. Let us also imagine a time when man believed that everything was endowed with life in no way different from his own. Then the animals conversed among themselves as freely and as intelligently as men. The sun, the moon and the planets; the wind, the lightning and the thunder; the streams, the trees and the mountains and, in fact, all inanimate things, possessed the power of speech and made use of it not unfreely nor infrequently. Naturally, in such an age, the imagination ran riot; and heroes performed deeds that to-day not even the most fantastic story-teller would venture to relate. In other words, let us imagine ourselves back in the childhood of the human race, when all its thoughts were the thoughts of children.

Then not only did everything possess life, for the Indian, but it was endowed with feelings and passions, loves and antipathies like his own.

INTRODUCTION

The tree moved its armlike branches to express its feelings. The leaves whispered confidentially to one another. The plants, the flowers and the grasses literally rejoiced at the coming of the rain and put on their brightest colors; and they drooped and grew dull and listless, just as men do, in times of great heat and drought. The rivers rushed and roared, showing their might, their strength, their anger and their animosities in a peculiarly human way. Thus all the more striking manifestations of nature were, to the Indian, real, living, powerful beings; and as such they were to be feared and propitiated; for they struck where they willed. Against the anger of the winds, the storms, the rain, the lightning, the thunder, man had no recourse except the incantations and charms of his medicine men; but poor as this recourse was, he made the best of it. Hence the medicine man became one of the most important factors in his tribal life. Many Indian tribes possess characteristic stories which have for their central figure the all-powerful, cunning, wonder-working medicine man. In fact, most of the great Indian heroes were medicine men, in the sense that they performed their deeds through the power of magic, or largely so.

The Indian lived in a world of constant enchantment, of wonder-working charms and

INTRODUCTION

strange "medicine." All the elements of nature, personified by the primitive imagination into powerful, living, active beings, were constantly opposing one another and ever striving to gain the victory by the use of powerful enchantments.

The Indian story-teller found his heroes among the cloud-spirits, the great and all-powerful thunder birds, the wonder-working white rabbit, the famine ghosts, the death-dealing spirits of the mists, the fog and the marshes, and monstrous fishes and water spirits. The sun, the moon and the stars, the rushing winds, the chilling blasts and the blinding snows all became living, active, swift-moving beings, endowed with wondrous magic, in the mouth of the Indian story-teller, who lived in an age when the imagination was unrestrained. Then the wind spirit danced great trenches in the dancing floor, so deep that they hid him from sight; and he threw up vast sand dunes all along the lake shore. When Mudjekeewis, the West Wind, and his son Hiawatha, fought their famous battle in the land where the sun goes down, they disturbed the whole face of nature along the Rockies, from British Columbia to Mexico. When Glooskap, the Algonquin wind god, fought the fierce North Wind, he called to his aid all the enchantment of the Southland, while his opponent summoned his vast

INTRODUCTION

brood of Arctic winds, blinding snows and killing frosts. These two mighty heroes, beneath whose tread the earth trembled, fought their memorable battle on the very edge of the far Northland, to the singing of the many-toned voices of nature. They fought not with ordinary weapons, but with the wondrous magic of master story-tellers.

In Hero-land. As the Indian heroes ranged over heaven and earth and the regions under the earth, we may perhaps be able to get a more comprehensive view of their powers and activities if we separate them into groups according to the several spheres of their many activities.

In the Sun-land the chief actors were the Sun-father; the Moon-mother; Morning Star, their son; the Sun-maidens, their fair-haired daughters; and the Moon Woman, their representative upon earth, of which old Nokomis, in the story of Hiawatha, is typical.

The Sky-land, which is frequently confounded with the Sun-land, in Indian tales, was the home of the wind spirits, the thunder birds, the storm, the lightning, the rain and the cloud spirits, the witches, the wizards and the Wind Man, all personifications of nature and all very real, very human and very active personages. These heroes

INTRODUCTION

of the Sky-land frequently visited the Earth-land; and they may be said to have had their spheres of action as much in the one as in the other.

The Earth-land heroes included the spirits of the rivers, lakes and seas, the giants, the pigmies, the Supernatural People, the animal magicians and the Little People who dance the spring in. They are to be found among the famine ghosts and the fever spirits, the monstrous-eared weendigoes, the great Wind Eagle, the wonder-working trees and the long-voiced people.

Among the more active of the subterranean dwellers were the fire giants, the earthquake spirits, the ghost people, the Mole Man, and certain witches and wizards who, while they roamed the earth and air, had their dwelling places underground, generally in caves.

All these personages became heroes of the most surprising adventures, in the mouth of the Indian story-teller; and it is safe to say that no other people ever put upon the scene a bolder, more active or more imaginative array of characters of a heroic nature.

In the ages long, long ago the Sun-father lived upon earth; but he finally grew tired of his residence here and retired to the Sun-land. The same story is told of Glooskap, the Algonquin wind god, except that the latter withdrew to

INTRODUCTION

some distant place, which was generally held to have been an island in a great waste of waters. This island was so fearfully guarded that it was but seldom a mortal man was able to approach it. Some say it was a great iceberg which the manitu made to flourish like the Southland. From this far-distant island he communicated with the Earth-land, through his messengers, the long-voiced or far-talking people (echo) who, stationed at a certain distance, one from another, carried the words of the Earth-people to the ears of the manitu.

When the Sun-father, or the manitu, left the Earth-land for his new and distant home, he commissioned the four great wind spirits to divide the earth equally among them and to govern it for him. Among many American Indian tribes the belief persisted that the manitu would one day return and govern the land again, bringing with him an age of peace and plenty.

Thus the great manitu and the wind spirits became personages of very great importance, and they figure in many heroic stories and in the ritual and ceremonies of many Indian tribes and nations. Quetzalcoatl,¹ the Fair God of the Toltecs, and the most representative deity of the highest culture of the American Indian, was a wind god; and so was the fearful war god of the

¹ See "Quetzalcoatl," by the author, in the *Encyclopedia Americana*.

INTRODUCTION

Aztecs; and so, too, was the chief deity of the Maya civilization. They are represented as meeting with the most surprising and varied adventures. Like the wind gods everywhere, they are frequently held to be surpassing musicians and accomplished story-tellers; and not infrequently they win over their enemies by their superior gifts as singers and enchanters; for incantation and singing were inseparably connected.

In Indian hero tales the powers of nature are frequently arrayed against one another in battle. The Morning chases the Night over the hills and valleys; the South Wind battles with the North Wind; after a heroic struggle, the manitu subdues the fierce Father of the Winds; the Sun overcomes the Evil Spirit of the Night, who has defied and mocked him; the Wind Man fights the witches for possession of the clouds on which they take their wild rides over the face of the earth.

Often the Indian hero, by means of the power of his wondrous magic, calls to his aid the winds, the tempest and the rain, the fire from the mountains and the lightning from the sky. When the Manitu smokes his pipe in the autumn days, the smoke forms the fleecy clouds and the dreamy haze of Indian Summer. But when Chácopee, the Giant Killer, smokes *his* magic pipe, each

INTRODUCTION

puff becomes a snow-white pigeon, which he uses to frighten the giants, who recognize them as the souls of those they have slain.

Few folk heroes ever went forth to battle or in search of adventure armed as the Indian hero. His moccasins bore, worked or painted upon them, wonder-working symbols which enabled him to leap over rivers and mountains. His snowshoes and his canoes were subjected to like enchantment and possessed of like power. His knives, his spears, his bows, his arrows and his toboggans had wondrous mystic powers of their own which enabled him to win the victory when all the odds were against him. Thus the Indian hero, in the most natural way in the world, performs miraculous deeds and defeats opponents hitherto unbeaten; or he attains ends hitherto seldom or never attained. He rides in stone canoes which move, of their own volition, over the surface of the troubled sea as lightly as a leaf blown before the wind. His magic spears or arrows return to him through the same mysterious power that sent them forth. His magic moccasins enable him to outrun his own swift arrows; and his amulets and charms to transform himself into shapes other than his own and thus to outwit his enemy. But to make the contest more even, his opponents, men, animals, witches, wizards and manitus, possess this same power.

INTRODUCTION

So that the final outcome of any encounter resolves itself hero usually the moccasin painted the the swiftest totem pole placed car Bird, the guardian of among the of the totem of his power munity against

The Th folklore are Columbia. Kwakiutl world and down the turned, brought and a knowledge arts of civilization thus raising that of our of the Ro

CONTENTS

| | |
|--|-----|
| INTRODUCTION | v |
| I. THE WIGWAM | 3 |
| II. THE MAID WHO MARRIED THE MORNING STAR | 7 |
| III. SON OF THE MORNING STAR | 19 |
| IV. THE SNAKE-WOMAN | 55 |
| V. CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER | 82 |
| VI. CHÁCOPEE AND THE GRANDFATHER GIANT | 113 |
| VII. THE TALL ONE AND THE SHORT ONE | 139 |
| VIII. THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN | 165 |
| IX. THE SNAKE-OGRE | 189 |
| X. OMEMEE | 207 |
| XI. THE SUN PRINCESS | 213 |
| XII. THE SPIRIT VOICES | 230 |
| XIII. HOW THE WINTER CAME | 239 |

ILLUSTRATIONS

| | |
|---|---------------------|
| "Chácopee let out the lasso" | <i>Frontispiece</i> |
| "Scar-face raised above his head the magic spear of the Old Moon Woman" | PAGE 37 |
| "Out of the water darted the head of a monster snake" | " 59 |
| "He drew an arrow from its quiver and placed it in his bow" | " 163 |
| "The Wind Man, on his cloud-racer, was close upon them" | " 182 |
| "That same day West Wind set out for home, taking the Sun Maiden with him" | " 222 |

INDIAN HERO TALES

Indian Hero Tales

I

THE WIGWAM

THERE never was another Wigwam like it, just as there never was another assemblage of people like those who met around the wigwam fire. Originally the Wigwam was the Lawyer's idea; but the Factor and Baptiste, the Doctor, René and Iagoo entered heart and soul into the planning, building and furnishing of it. It was to be a Peace Wigwam where all the Indians, irrespective of race or locality, prejudice or tribal animosities, might meet and smoke the calumet. It was planned to be a realization of the sublime vision of the Gitche Manito the Mighty, as he stood upon the crags of the Red Pipestone Quarry and called the tribes of men unto him and bade them bury their war clubs and smoke the peace pipe together.

In the Wigwam were more trophies and Indian wealth than had ever before been brought

THE WIGWAM

together under one aboriginal roof; trophies from the East and the West; from the North and the South; from the Hudson Bay Region to the Gulf of Mexico; from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The walls were hung with white pelts of the polar bear from the far northland; brown pelts of the forest bear from the Canadian woods; and the shaggy coat of the grizzly from the Rockies; with skins of mink, beaver and otter, of wolverine, brown and gray seals, white, silver and red foxes. In the mid-spaces, between horns of moose, elk and fallow deer, hung trophies of the chase from far and near, intermingled with garments and ornamental decorations, arms and household utensils of the Eastern, the Plains and the Western tribes.

Love for the study of the Indian had brought the Lawyer from his southern home to the cold north country of the Algonquin. There he had built a stately mansion, fashioned like the houses of the southland, a great, rambling, one-story structure built around three sides of a patio or courtyard, itself a miniature park opening into a garden and orchard behind the house, the most conspicuous feature of which was a group of a score or more of great maples, beeches and elms, primeval monarchs of the forest. In the shelter

THE WIGWAM

of these giants of a rapidly disappearing past the Wigwam was built from the bark of trees. Like an Algonquin wigwam it was, to all outward appearance, except that it was several times larger than the ordinary Indian dwelling. Almost every Indian race of the United States and Canada had contributed to its furnishings and decorations.

In the Wigwam the fire never went out the long winter through; and the latchstring was metaphorically ever hanging outside the door, inviting the wandering Indian to rest within its hospitable walls.

A clever linguist was the Lawyer, speaking English, French and several Indian tongues fluently; and the Factor was his inferior only in so far that the many languages he knew he spoke with less elegance and certainty. So the wandering red man found himself at once at home with a host who could speak to him in his own tongue and who provided solicitously for his wants.

It was around the Wigwam fire that I met the story-tellers and heard the stories recorded in this book. I see them still,—the little old Lawyer, with his shrewd, kindly, wrinkled face, ever alert, active and interested; Lagoo, the wondrous story-teller, brown as the brown earth from which his

THE WIGWAM

fabled ancestors sprung, with the full eye and the far-reaching imagination of a born raconteur; Baptiste, the half-breed Hudson Bay trapper and trader who knew Canada from Winnipeg westward to the Pacific and eastward to the Atlantic, and who had collected a fund of Indian stories in every province and settlement he had visited. There too came René, who notwithstanding his French name, was a full-blooded chief of his tribe and the treasurer of the customs and traditions of his people; and the Factor, a sturdy, white-haired, red-cheeked old Scotchman, who had spent more than half a century in the service of the Hudson Bay Company; had made a fortune, and late in life had caught the passion for Indian study and story collecting from his son-in-law, the Lawyer. And last of all there was Orono, the Doctor, a real doctor with a medical degree from the Dominion Government. He was a full-blooded Chippeway¹ and spoke English like a Chesterfield and Indian like a Tecumseh.

¹ Ojibwa.

II

THE MAID WHO MARRIED THE MORNING STAR

"THE Morning Star was very bright to-day," said René, "and to-night there will be a full moon."

"The Old Moon-mother has come out to see her son," said Iagoo.

"How has the Old Moon-mother come out to see her son?" inquired the Factor.

"Have you never heard of the Maid who married the Morning Star?" asked Iagoo.

"No," said the Factor, shaking his head.

"No," repeated the others, shaking their heads.

"Tell us, Iagoo, the story of the Maid who married the Morning Star," asked the Factor.

"Yes," repeated the others, "tell us, Iagoo, the story of the Maid who married the Morning Star."

"This," said Iagoo gravely, "is the story of the Maid who married the Morning Star:

"In the days long gone by, there lived with

THE MAID WHO MARRIED

her old grandmother, in a village on the shores of a lake, a very pretty little maiden. The grandmother, who had once lived in the Moon, was a great story-teller; and as she sat by the wigwam fire she related most wonderful stories of the Sky-people, who were all relatives of herself and her grandchild; stories of the Sun-father and the Moon-mother, and of their handsome son, Morning Star. Stories, too, she told of their wondrous wigwam in the bright Sky-land. The little maiden grew up to love them all; and often she went off by herself outside the village, into the edge of the forest, where she could be all alone; and there she would sit and gaze for hours at the quiet face of the Moon-mother; the glorious face of the Sun-father; and above all at handsome Morning Star, bright and magnificent among all the other inhabitants of the Sky-land. And always she said to herself:

“ ‘Some day I shall marry Morning Star.’ ”

“ So pretty and airy and light on her feet was the Old Moon Woman’s granddaughter that every one called her the Feather Woman. From far and near came famous hunters and warriors to ask for her hand in marriage. But she refused them all, saying:

“ ‘I am not yet ready to get married; and even

THE MAID WHO MARRIED

if I were I do not want to leave my old grandmother alone.'

"One after another the young warriors found wives in other wigwams until at last all the girl playmates of the Feather Woman were married; and still the Moon Woman's granddaughter remained single.

"Much the old women, much the young women of the village gossiped about the Feather Woman.

"The old women said, 'She thinks she is too good and too pretty for the young men of the village.'

"The young women said, 'She is getting so old no young man wants her. In a few years she will be as old and wrinkled as her grandmother.'

"But the Feather Woman paid no attention to the old women, paid no attention to the young women. Early, before any one else was up in the morning, she stole quietly out into the edge of the forest where, securely hidden from sight, she watched for the appearance of Morning Star; and when he came she spoke loving words to him there far away in the Sky-land.

"One morning a hunter, passing on his way through the forest to the village, saw her in the edge of the wood. Very curious to know why a

THE MAID WHO MARRIED

young girl should be in the forest thus early in the morning, he crept close up to her and heard her speaking words of love into the empty air. He made sure there was no one with her. Then he hurried to the village with the news that the Feather Woman had a Supernatural lover whom she met in the forest, and that this was why she had refused all the young men who had asked her hand in marriage.

“The high chiefs met in the great council chamber to discuss the matter; and they decided to set a watch on the Feather Woman, to see if what the hunter said were really true.

“For a week the spies watched her; and then they reported that there was no doubt the Feather Woman went to the forest to meet her Supernatural lover. For they had heard her addressing words of the tenderest love to him. She spoke to him as though she beheld him plainly enough; yet not one of them was able to see him.

“Gravely the high chiefs deliberated in the great council chamber. It was not well, they argued, to get the ill will of the Supernatural People; nor was it well, either, to have in the village a marriageable maiden who refused to take a husband because she had a Supernatural lover.

THE MAID WHO MARRIED

What ought to be done under the circumstance? Finally they decided, like the grave, sensible chiefs that they were, to do nothing. But all the people of the village were warned to have nothing more to do with the Feather Woman lest she might teach the other young maidens undesirable knowledge.

“From that day the Feather Maiden was left altogether alone. No one visited her or her grandmother in their wigwam or noticed them when they passed them outside.

“Soon the Feather Woman knew that her secret had been discovered and that whenever she stole out into the forest, no matter how early she went or how secretly, sharp prying eyes were ever watching her. Never again could she be alone with her beloved Morning Star. She worried over this until she made herself sick. Then the curious people came spying about the wigwam. The Old Moon Woman drove them away with angry words, saying:

“‘You have killed my granddaughter with your spying and your prying!’

“Then they went about the village saying, ‘The Old Moon Woman’s granddaughter is so sorely bewitched she is dying.’

“When the people of the village found the

THE MAID WHO MARRIED

Feather Woman no longer stole out into the forest to meet her Supernatural lover, they stopped spying on her. They would have liked to have known what was going on in the wigwam of the Old Moon Woman; but they were very much afraid of her; for it was generally believed she had all the magic of the Supernatural People to whom she belonged. So they very wisely kept their distance. Now, as one cannot very well see from a distance what is going on inside a wigwam, they soon lost all active interest in the Old Moon Woman and her granddaughter.

“One morning the Feather Woman rose from her sick bed and stole out into the forest before the Sun was up. She so longed to see her beloved Morning Star once more that she could no longer stay in her bed. She did not care if all the village were watching her, she must go and see him once more before she died, she said to herself; for she felt that she could not live much longer.

“With weak and trembling limbs the Feather Woman crept out into the edge of the forest. She met no one until she had reached the edge of the wood. There she found a tall young warrior; and she was angry, for she thought:

“‘Even though I am sick unto death they still keep spies to watch me.’

THE MAID WHO MARRIED

“The young man came up to her and said:

“‘Little Feather Woman, I am Morning Star. Long I have known of your love for me. I have tried it to the full; and now I have come to take you back with me to the Sky-land.’

“‘Let me go and bid good-by to my grandmother!’ said the Feather Woman.

“‘No,’ said Morning Star. ‘Your grandmother, who is of the Sky-people, will understand.’

“He gave the Feather Woman two white plumes from his hair to hold, one in each hand; and at once she began to rise upward through the air as lightly as though she had been a feather herself. Soon they came to the Sky-land where stood the shining wigwam of the Sun-father and the Moon-mother. Only the Moon-mother was at home when Morning Star brought his earth-bride with him. She was very glad to see the Feather Woman; for she had already heard much about her from Morning Star who had gazed down upon her day after day for ever so many months from the Sky-land, when she had stolen forth into the forest to see him.

“The Moon-mother said to the Feather Woman:

“‘Your clothing is very pretty; but it is not

THE MAID WHO MARRIED

fine enough for the bride of my son, Morning Star.'

"So she dressed her in the finest and whitest of doe-skin. On her feet she put handsomely painted moccasins ornamented with the quills of the golden porcupine of the Sky-land; and about her waist she bound a very handsome belt of wampum from the wigwam of the Sun-father.

"'Fairest of all the Earth-maidens is the little Feather Woman,' said Morning Star proudly.

"'And handsomest of all the handsome hunters of Sky-land is Morning Star,' said the Feather Woman, smiling.

"'And foolishhest of all foolish lovers are the two of you!' said the Moon-mother.

"The Feather Woman lived happily in the Sky-land for several years. The Moon-mother became very fond of her and the Sun-father loved her almost as much as Morning Star himself did; and as for Morning Star, he thought there was, in all the Sky-land, not another woman so beautiful and clever as she.

"The Feather Woman had a little son who was called Scar-face, because he was born with a mark on his face. Little Scar-face was very fond of digging; so his grandmother gave him a little root-digger; and at the same time she pre-

THE MAID WHO MARRIED

sented the Feather Woman with a fine large root-digger; and she gave her permission to dig anything in all the Sky-land except one monster turnip that grew close to the home of the Spider Man.

“ ‘Be very, very careful!’ she said, ‘not to touch the turnip; for if you dig it up harm will surely come to you and all you love!’

“ Every day the Feather Woman passed by the great turnip and wondered why she must not dig it up and what was underneath it.

“ ‘There must be something very valuable hidden underneath it,’ she argued, ‘or the Moon-mother would not be so anxious about it!’

“ One day she said to herself:

“ ‘I’ll just scrape around it a little bit; perhaps I can see what the secret is without digging it up.’

“ So she began to dig around the turnip; and the more she dug the more interested she became in seeing what was under it. While she was digging a Crane flew down and sat watching her.

“ ‘What are you doing?’ inquired the Crane.

“ ‘Oh, I’m only weeding the turnip,’ said the Feather Woman.

“ ‘That’s a funny way to weed a turnip,’ said

THE MAID WHO MARRIED

the Crane. 'Why, you're digging tunnels under it.'

" 'Well, I want to see what's underneath it,' said the Feather Woman.

" 'I'll help you pull it up,' said the Crane.

"The Feather Woman and the Crane pulled with all their might and up came the monster turnip. But there, where it had been, was nothing but a great hole in the floor of the sky.

"The Feather Woman got down on her hands and knees and peeped through the hole. She saw all the Earth-land; and close by the lake she could make out quite plainly the wigwam of her old grandmother, the Moon Woman. The sight of it made her homesick. Sad, very sad indeed was the Feather Woman when she went back to her home. She was thinking of her lonely old grandmother away off down there in the Earth-land; and of the people of the village and the pleasant shade of the forest. She began to cry softly, for she was all alone in the wigwam. Just then Morning Star came in and inquired:

" 'What's the matter with my little Feather Woman?'

" 'Nothing,' she said. 'I'm just lonesome for my old grandmother and my people.'

"Morning Star looked at her very sadly.

THE MAID WHO MARRIED

“ ‘You have dug up the monster turnip,’ he said; ‘and you have looked down upon the Earth-land. The hole in which the turnip grew was the opening through which you came into the Sky-land. The turnip was placed there so that you might not look down upon your old home and become homesick. But now that you have disobeyed and have seen the Earth-land from the Sky-land you can no longer be content here. So you must go back to the Earth-land.’ ”

“ That very day they took the Feather Woman and her little son, Scar-face, to the wigwam of the Spider Man, who spun a long cord and let them down to the Earth-land, to the home of the Old Moon Woman.

“ The old grandmother and all the people were surprised to see the Feather Woman come back; for they thought she was dead. But to none of them did she whisper a word of her adventures in the Sky-land except to the Moon Woman, who had suspected all along where her granddaughter had gone.

“ But the Feather Woman had lived too long in the Sky-land to be again content in the Earth-land and she grew more and more unhappy from day to day. Every morning she went to the edge of the forest to watch for the appearance of

THE MAID WHO MARRIED

Morning Star in the sky; and when he came she called to him; every day she called to him, saying:

“ ‘ Oh, my beloved Morning Star; oh, my husband, I am sad at heart, am lonely for thee. Come down to the Earth-land and take me back to the Sky-land, to thy shining lodge, that I may be again with thee and the Sun-father and the Moon-mother.’ ”

“ But Morning Star never answered her nor ever gave any sign that he heard her; for disobedient wives are never allowed in the Sky-land.

“ One day the Feather Woman disappeared from the home of the Moon Woman; and as she did not come back, the people said:

“ ‘ Her Supernatural lover, he whom she meets in the forest, has again carried her off.’ ”

“ But the Old Moon Woman thought:

“ ‘ My granddaughter has returned to the Sky-land.’ ”

III

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

"IAGOO, what became of the Maid who married the Morning Star?" inquired the Lawyer, when we had met once more around the Wigwam fire.

"That's a long story," answered Iagoo.

"And what became of little Scar-face, her son?" asked Pierre, the Factor's little grandson.

"That's part of the story, in fact the greater part," replied Iagoo, with a smile; for the little fellow had become a special favorite with him.

"Tell us, Iagoo, what became of the Maid who married the Morning Star and what happened to her little son, Scar-face," said the Factor.

And the others said, "Yes, tell us the story, good Iagoo."

And Iagoo began:

"This is the story of the Old Moon Woman and the little boy Scar-face, son of the Morning Star.

"When the Feather Woman went away on her

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

long journey in search of the Sun-land, she left little Scar-face behind with his great-grandmother, the Old Moon Woman. He was such a little fellow that there soon remained with him only a faint memory of his mother. The Old Moon Woman never mentioned her, but she told him wonderful stories of the Sky-land, just as she had to Feather Woman, when she was a little girl.

“ ‘Your father, my little grandson,’ she said, ‘is the great prince, Morning Star, who appears with his father, the Sun, in the Sky-land in the morning. Next to his father, he is the most magnificent of all the dwellers in the Sky-land.’

“The boy dreamed of the day when he should be grown up and able to take the long journey to the far distant land of his father, Morning Star, and his grandparents, the Sun-father and the Moon-mother. He liked to go into the edge of the forest all alone and gaze fixedly, for a long time, at beautiful Morning Star, just as his mother had done. The old women of the village shook their heads when they heard of this and said:

“ ‘He is like his mother. He is always stealing out to talk to the strange people in the forest.’

“The old men, when they had consulted gravely together, said:

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

“ ‘ He is like his father, who was one of the Supernatural People. He has eyes to see what we do not see, just as his mother had. So it is quite natural that he should go off into the forest to talk to his own people.’

“ The boys of the village teased him because of the scar on his face. So, as Scar-face grew up, he kept more and more to himself, just as the Old Moon Woman had done since her granddaughter, Feather Woman, had gone away on the long trail to the Sky-land.

“ The young girls, whenever Scar-face came by, stopped their chattering and laughing, and gazed at him, half in wonder, half in fear; for they had heard of his mysterious journeys into the forest; and of his speaking with the Supernatural People. They, too, had heard that there had been something strange about his father; and that his mother had gone off all alone to find her husband.

“ Only one of all the maidens of the village was friendly to Scar-face. This was Omemee, daughter of the Great Chief. The boy had never spoken to her and she had never spoken to him. But she always smiled upon him in a very friendly way, as they passed one another going about between the wigwams. Soon he began to think of

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

her more even than he had thought of Morning Star. He wished he were like the other people of the village so that he might go and pay his court to her, as all the young men were doing with other maidens, and some of them, no doubt, with the Chief's daughter; for she was, every one could see, very beautiful.

"One day Scar-face came upon Omemee washing her father's clothes on a flat stone by the creek. He would have withdrawn; but she had already seen him. She looked up and smiled as usual and invited him to come and sit down beside her on the sandy shore.

" 'Scar-face,' she said, when he had taken a seat, 'you are almost a man now. You are as strong and swift of foot as the other boys of the village, yet you stay around your grandmother's wigwam while the others are out in the forest learning to become great hunters and warriors. You should do as they are doing; for some day you will get married and you will have to support a wife.'

"Omemee smiled so sweetly as she said this and looked so interested in him that Scar-face wanted to tell her how much he loved her. But he could not, for he said to himself:

" 'She is the Great Chief's daughter and I am

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

only poor Scar-face, grandson of the Old Moon Woman. I have neither father nor mother nor relatives nor friends, while she is rich and has many suitors.'

"That night Scar-face dreamed of Omemee, the Chief's daughter. In his dream she came to him and reproved him sternly for idling away his time and not learning to hunt like the other young men of the village.

" 'Omemee, do not be displeased with me; do not be angry with me, and I will become a great hunter!' cried Scar-face.

"She smiled upon him once more and said:

" 'Yes, you will become a great hunter and will teach the men of the village many things.'

"When Scar-face awoke next morning his dream was so real it seemed to him it must have happened. He took his bow and arrows, his spear and his hunting knife, and went forth into the forest.

"From the dark Sky-land, Morning Star looked forth in all his splendor; and it seemed to Scar-face that his father was pleased with what he was doing. Gazing upward toward the shining face of Morning Star, he cried:

" 'Oh, father, help me to become a great hunter!'

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

"Brighter still shone the splendor of Morning Star; and to Scar-face it seemed as if his father had already answered his prayer.

"Scar-face had not gone far before he met the Wolverine who knew all the tricks of the forest and all the habits of the animals.

"'Good morning, Scar-face!' said the Wolverine. 'Where are you going so early in the morning? The Hare came running up to my wigwam a little while ago and said, "Have you heard the news?" And without giving me time to answer, she continued, "Scar-face has taken his bow and his arrows, his spear and his hunting knife, and is coming into the forest to hunt."' "

"'Well, you can see for yourself the Hare has spoken the truth,' said Scar-face.

"'You are one of the Supernatural People,' said the Wolverine; 'and they and the animals have always been friends; so I said to myself: "Scar-face must become a very great hunter; he must become the greatest hunter in the village." So I have come to teach you all about the forest.'

"'I shall be very glad to learn from such a wise one as the Wolverine,' said Scar-face. 'Every one knows he is the cleverest hunter in

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

the woods; and there is no man wise enough to outwit him.'

"The Wolverine looked very pleased; and from that day he and Scar-face were great friends. He taught the boy to know all the tracks of the animals; how they lived and acted; where to find them and all the tricks they made use of to protect themselves from the hunters.

"Soon the young men, soon the old men of the village began to talk together of the wonderful things that Scar-face did. In all the land there was no hunter like him, they said. The old women began to think of him as possibly a good husband for their daughters. The boys no longer plagued him, for they feared his anger; and the unmarried women began to smile upon him as he passed through the village with plentiful loads of the finest game on his back.

"One day the Old Moon Woman said to Scar-face:

"Grandson, you are old enough to take to yourself a wife. Is there none of the young maidens in the village who pleases you?"

"There is one,' he answered.

"And who is she?' inquired the Moon Woman.

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

“ ‘ Omemee, daughter of the Great Chief,’ said Scar-face.

“ ‘ That is a very good choice,’ said the Moon Woman approvingly. ‘ Go and ask the Great Chief for his daughter.’

“ ‘ Do you think he would give her to me, grandmother?’ asked Scar-face doubtfully. ‘ He is rich and I am poor. She is very beautiful and I am so marked that the people call me Scar-face.’

“ ‘ The mark on your face is the sign of your high birth,’ said the Moon Woman proudly. ‘ You are the great-grandson of the Moon Woman and the son of Morning Star. You are higher than the Great Chief himself. Go to him; hold your head high and ask him for his daughter as your right. Even if you were not who you are, are you not the best hunter in the village? And can you not provide well for a wife?’

“ As Scar-face left the wigwam of the Moon Woman, he thought:

“ ‘ I’ll go and see Omemee and ask her to become my wife. If she says yes, then I shall ask her father.’

“ So he set out in the direction of the wigwam of the Great Chief. But when he came to the doorway he had not the courage to go inside; and

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

as he stood there hesitating, a young brave, a very handsome fellow popular with all the unmarried women, stopped and said, as he was passing:

“ ‘ So, Scar-face, you are the latest to pay court to the Great Chief’s daughter. May you have good luck,’ he added mockingly, ‘ as you undoubtedly will; for she has already refused all the handsome, unmarked men of the village. She must surely be looking for something out of the ordinary; so your chance is good.’

“ He drew his hand across his face just where the white scar appeared on Scar-face’s cheek.

“ So angry was Scar-face at this insult that all his courage returned and he had no longer fear of anything. His first impulse was to pay back the insult. But he thought:

“ ‘ No, I will not raise a scandal in front of the home of Omemee and her father.’

“ So he answered quietly:

“ ‘ You have guessed rightly. I am going to ask the Great Chief for the hand of his daughter Omemee.’

“ Without saying another word or looking again at his companion, he pulled aside the door of the wigwam of the Great Chief and entered.

“ Omemee looked up from her work and smiled

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

kindly as Scar-face came in. He pleased her very much because he was not like the other young men of the village, who were so proud of their fine manners and clothing and who boasted so loudly of their great strength and swiftness, of their skill in hunting, their cunning in the chase and their bravery in battle. She was tired of them all; for not a day passed but some of them begged for her hand, telling her, at the same time, how worthy they were of her and how fortunate she would be to have such a fine husband. Scar-face alone, the best of hunters, had not come to her boasting of the things he had done.

“ ‘ You have come to see my father? He has just gone out,’ she said.

“ ‘ It is well, for I want to speak to you before speaking to him,’ said Scar-face. ‘ Omemee, I am not rich; I am not handsome; but I am generally fortunate in hunting. I would have you for my wife. Shall I ask your father?’

“ ‘ Scar-face, I like you better than any one else,’ she said. ‘ But I cannot be your wife. For, at my birth, the wise men said that I should be sought in marriage by a man with a marked face; but that I must not marry him; for to do so would bring great trouble upon our people.’

“ ‘ It is the mark of my race,’ said Scar-face.

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

‘ My grandmother is the Moon Woman and my father is Morning Star. I should be proud of all this. My grandmother has told me so. Yet I am sorry on account of it, since because of it you may not become my wife.’

“ ‘ Perhaps your father, the all-powerful Morning Star, would remove the scar from your face,’ suggested Omemee.

“ ‘ It is a very long journey to the Sky-land,’ said Scar-face. ‘ Yet my grandmother came from there; and my mother went there, came back to the Earth-land and returned again to the Sky-land. I surely can find my way there. Will you wait for me until I go and find my father, Morning Star, and my grandparents, the Sun-father and the Moon-mother, and ask them to remove the scar from my face as a token that you may become my wife without fear of bringing trouble upon our people?’

“ ‘ I will wait, Scar-face,’ she promised. ‘ And if you do not return, I shall never marry any one else.’

“ ‘ Then I shall not fail,’ said Scar-face.

“ When Scar-face came out of the lodge of the Great Chief, more than a score of young braves had gathered about the door; for the news had spread about the village that he had gone to ask

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

for the hand of Omemee. So the young men had come there to mock him, for they felt sure he would be refused as they all had been. But he came out with such a happy face and he looked so tall and brave that not one of them dare say an ugly word to him. As he passed them with a friendly greeting and went on through the village to the wigwam of his grandmother, one inquired of another:

“‘Can it be that this proud daughter of the Great Chief, who has already refused the richest, handsomest and bravest of the young men of the village, has accepted this poor scar-faced fellow?’

“‘One never can tell what a woman may do,’ said one of the disappointed lovers.

“‘You can, at any rate,’ retorted the wag of the party; ‘for she has refused you at least once a week for the past two years.’

“At this sally the crowd laughed good-naturedly; and as the wigwam of the Great Chief no longer held any interest for them, they went away quietly; for none of them cared to have the Great Chief think he was spying on him or his daughter.

“When Scar-face returned to the wigwam, the Old Moon Woman said, with a smile:

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

“ ‘ Your face looks happy, grandson; you must have been successful.’

“ ‘ I do not know, grandmother, whether I have or not,’ he answered. ‘ I have the good will of the maiden; but I have yet to find the means of marrying her.’

“ ‘ And what means other than what you have, should you seek?’ inquired the Moon Woman impatiently. ‘ Who in all the village is a better hunter than you and more able to keep a wife well?’

“ ‘ I must go and find my father, Morning Star,’ said Scar-face, ‘ and have him remove this scar from my face.’

“ ‘ If she will not have you with the scar on your face, *you* should not have *her*,’ said the Moon Woman angrily. ‘ She ought to be proud of the high distinction that mark brings.’

“ ‘ It is not that,’ said Scar-face very quietly. ‘ It is because, at her birth, the wise men predicted that if she married a man with a marked face she would bring very great trouble upon her people.’

“ ‘ It is a very long way to the Sky-land,’ said the Moon Woman, ‘ and the trail is rough and difficult. Your mother is the only one from the

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

village who has ever gone over it and returned to Earth-land.'

" 'What my mother has done surely I can do,' protested Scar-face.

" 'I am not so sure of that,' said the Moon Woman. 'Your mother had the help of Morning Star, when she went to the Sky-land the first time; and no one knows for certain that she reached there the second time.'

" 'My mother went to find her husband,' said Scar-face. 'Whether she found him or not, I cannot do less than she has done. I can try. I too must go and find my father, Morning Star; for in this way only can I win my wife.'

" 'And while you are gone Omemee will probably marry some one else,' said the Moon Woman, with a shrug of her shoulders.

" 'No, grandmother, she has promised to wait for me and to marry no one else, even if I should not return.'

" 'Then she is the right kind of woman for you, if she keeps her promise,' said the Moon Woman. 'Go and see your father, Morning Star, and your grandparents, the Sun-father and the Moon-mother, who are great medicine people. And if you are able to find them, I have no doubt one of them will remove your scar.'

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

“ ‘ Tell me about the long trail to the Sky-land, grandmother,’ begged Scar-face.

“ Until late that night the Old Moon Woman sat with her grandson, telling him all about the trail to the Sky-land. Strange stories, too, she told him of the Moon-mother and the Sun-father and handsome Morning Star; and of his mother, the Feather Woman.

“ Next morning, before any one was up, Scar-face set out on his long journey to the Sky-land. As he bade good-by to the Moon Woman, she said:

“ ‘ Grandson, be brave and true and no harm can come to you!’

“ She gave him a powerful charm, which she had brought from the Sky-land, saying:

“ ‘ Use this charm, Scar-face, when you are in great danger; or when there are difficulties in the way that you cannot overcome.’

“ She also gave him a pair of magic moccasins, saying:

“ ‘ With these on your feet, grandson, you’ll be able to travel faster than the wind and to leap across the widest river.’

“ A wondrous spear, too, she gave him, that could pierce the hardest rock; and an enchanted hunting bag that always contained just the thing

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

he should wish for; and no matter how much one ate from it, it always remained full.

“ ‘Remember,’ she said, as Scar-face prepared to leave the wigwam, ‘to follow in the track of the Sun; for at the end of it is the great cave that leads to the Sky-land.’

“ Scar-face promised to forget nothing of all the old woman had told him. As he journeyed along the trail of the Sun, he went over in his mind all she had related so that he might be the better able to remember it.

“ For many days Scar-face traveled along the trail of the Sun, and many were the adventures he met with; for rough and untrodden was the way; since very few were the people who passed over it. At the full of the moon he came to a Great Swamp, in which lived a fearful monster whose breath was poison; and when he breathed upon the land many people died. At the sound of his voice the bravest warrior fled; and there was no one in all the land who dare give him battle.

“ When Scar-face came to the village on the edge of the swamp, the monster had just been there; so that more than half the people were sick, dead or dying. Men, women and children were starving, for no one dare go out to hunt, to

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

cultivate the corn and beans, or to gather wild rice, nuts, berries and fruit.

“Scar-face fed them all out of his magic hunting bag for more than a week; and even the sick began to get well again.

“The monstrous giant of the Great Swamp wore a headdress of gray feathers; and for this reason he was called the Great Gray Feather.

“One morning, when he had been several days in the village, Scar-face got up very early, before any one else was awake, and went to the edge of the Great Swamp and called in a loud voice:

“‘Great Gray Feather, you are a coward and a boaster. You come sneaking out of your den in the swamp and you breathe pestilence upon helpless villages; but in all your life you have never fought man to man as a brave man should. I, Scar-face, son of Morning Star, defy you; and once again I call you a coward.’

“With a terrible shriek of rage, Great Gray Feather rose from the swamp; and at the sound of his mighty tramp, the mountains and the valleys trembled. Forth he came with monster strides, breathing thick fogs and miasmas.

“Mocking and defying him, Scar-face ran toward the mountains; and the Great Gray Feather, whose legs were longer than the tallest

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

pine tree, rushed after him, roaring and blustering worse than the Storm Wind. Right across the meadow lands ran Scar-face; and close at his heels kept Great Gray Feather. Over creeks and rivers, over ponds and lakes leaped Scar-face with his magic moccasins; and through them splashed the giant, shouting:

“‘I know you, Scar-face, and I’m going to catch you and eat you.’

“‘Catch me first and then you may think about eating me!’ shouted Scar-face, mocking. ‘Any old woman can run faster than the Great Gray Feather. When you get tired of running, let me know and I’ll sit down and wait for you.’

“Breathing out denser and denser clouds of poisonous breath, Gray Feather ran on, shouting his war whoop. But the poisonous breath never reached Scar-face; for he ran so fast he always kept ahead of it; and he laughed back tauntingly at the rage of the giant. Out over the great plains of the west they ran for three days and three nights without once stopping. Whenever Scar-face leaped over the lakes and the rivers, Gray Feather had to wade through them. This put him into such a rage that he kicked and splashed the water higher than the mountain tops. But when he reached the mountain coun-



"Scar-face raised above his head the magic spear of the
Old Moon Woman." *Page 37.*

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

try he became fairly mad with anger; for, while Scar-face, with the magic moccasins of the Moon Woman, leaped from peak to peak, the giant had to run down one side of the mountain and up the other. This made him tired as well as angry. At last, on the afternoon of the fourth day of their long race, Scar-face stood upon the very top of a high mountain. Away below came Gray Feather, breathing hard and running with difficulty, plunging with his long legs through the forest as a deer plunges through a thicket, wading through the masses of trees that covered the foothills.

“Just as the giant came out of the forest into the bare lands toward the top of the mountain, Scar-face raised above his head the magic spear of the Old Moon Woman, saying:

“‘Go straight, my good spear, to the body of Gray Feather!’

“Swiftly shot the spear downward along the mountain side, straight to the body of Gray Feather, and pinned the huge giant to the ground, where he moaned and shrieked and threw his great limbs about, kicking the mountain and making it shake as though there were an earthquake.

“‘A pretty brave you are!’ shouted Scar-face

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

from the mountain top. 'Stop your howling. You're an old woman, a miserable old woman. No warrior ever cries when he is put to the torture!'

" 'Good Scar-face, come down and pull this spear out of my shoulder,' begged the giant, 'and let me up and I'll be your slave and do whatever you say.'

" Lightly leaped Scar-face from the mountain peak and stood by the side of the Great Gray Feather.

" 'You are a coward, a miserable coward, Great Gray Feather,' he said. 'You have frightened and killed very many people for years; and you threatened to kill me and eat me. Now that I have defeated you, you cry and beg for mercy. I shall not kill you, for no warrior would kill an old woman like you. But never again shall you have power to harm people. Before I draw my spear from your body, tell me, do you know the trail to the Sky-land?'

" 'Straight over the mountains it leads to where the Sun goes down into his night cave, good Scar-face,' said Gray Feather very humbly.

" Scar-face drew the spear from the shoulder of the giant, saying:

" 'Great Gray Feather, from this day you

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

shall wander in the pine forests, in the foothills about the mountains; and you shall be no longer Gray Feather but Mountain Wind.'

"With the powerful charm the Moon Woman had given him, he changed the giant into the wind that still wanders restlessly up and down in its pine-forest cage from which it can never escape so long as the spell of the Moon Woman rests upon it.

"Through the mountain country traveled Scar-face as fast as his magic moccasins could take him; and on the afternoon of the fourth day he came to a very high mountain peak, on the top of which stood a monstrous giant puffing great clouds of fire and smoke from his mouth. Down the side of the mountain ran the fire and flooded the country far below the foothills. All across the trail of the Sun it ran, barring the way to the Sky-land; and in the valley below it formed a great lake of fire.

"From the top of another very high mountain Scar-face shouted:

" 'Stop this fire and smoke! You have made the roads so bad I can't pass, and the air so thick I can't breathe.'

"The big Fire Giant looked across to the mountain peak on which stood Scar-face. He

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

had great difficulty in making him out; but when he did and saw how small he was, he laughed long and loud.

“ ‘ Ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho! Ho, ho, ho! ’ he shrieked. ‘ Come a little closer, child. You are so small I really can’t see you! ’

“ ‘ You’ll see me all right, pretty soon, if you don’t gather up this fire and smoke,’ shouted Scar-face.

“ ‘ What an amusing little child it is! ’ shrieked the giant.

“ Again he laughed so heartily he came very near tumbling from his seat on the top of the mountain.

“ ‘ Come over here and let me nurse you a while! ’ he shouted.

“ Scar-face took from his magic hunting bag the powerful charm the Old Moon Woman had given him. He repeated the magic words she had taught him. Facing to the north he repeated them; facing to the east he repeated them; facing to the south he repeated them; facing to the west he repeated them. Then he chanted, like the medicine men:

“ ‘ Come ice and snow! Come hail and wind from the North-land! ’

“ Far, far in the North-land, the ice and the

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

snow, the hail and the wind gathered into great armies and marched southward. Over the trail from the east and the west of the North-land they came and filled all the sky, like the coming of a winter storm.

“Long and loud laughed the Fire Giant; for he feared no magic greater than his own. The most powerful of all the magicians of the West Country was he. When the strong North Winds rushed upon him and tried to hurl him from his seat, he mocked them. When the mighty snows blew upon him and covered him from sight, he tossed his head and laughed long and loud. When the hail beat upon him and almost blinded him, he battled with it fiercely and drove it back. But when the Ice Spirits came and seized him, his limbs became weak, and while he was defending himself feebly, the magic army from the North-land drove the fire and the smoke back into the black mouth of the mountain. And when they had finished their work, the Fire Giant lay helpless in the arms of the Ice Giant.

“Scar-face came over from the mountain top and stood by the side of the fallen giant.

“‘Mighty boaster,’ he said, ‘the child has come where your dull eyes can see him, where you can nurse him.’

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

“ ‘Scar-face,’ said the Fire Giant, ‘you are a very great magician. You are the greatest magician who has ever come into the West Country. But there are many things you do not know. Take this fellow off me and let me up, and I will show you all the secrets of my fire house.’

“ ‘Back again into the North-land Scar-face sent the ice and the snow, the hail and the cold winds. And when they had gone, he went with the Fire Giant into his fire house and learned all his secrets. And when they had come out upon the mountain top again, Scar-face said:

“ ‘Great Fire Giant, do you know the trail that leads to the Sky-land?’

“ ‘Straight over the mountains it passes, to where the Sun goes down into his night cave,’ said the Fire Giant. ‘Follow the trail of the Sun until you come to a wigwam on the top of a high hill by the edge of the Great Gulf Water. There you will find a very old man who has a beautiful coat made of white feathers. When you come to the foot of the hill, shout as loud as you can:

“ ‘“Feather Man, Feather Man, the son of Morning Star awaits thee!”

“ ‘When the Feather Man comes out of his wigwam, you must go to the top of the hill and inquire of him:

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

“ ‘ ‘ Father, which is the way to the Sky-land? ’ ’ ”

“ Scar-face continued his journey along the trail of the Sun. Three days he traveled, day and night; and on the afternoon of the fourth day, he saw ahead of him the wigwam of the old Feather Man on the top of a hill. White and soft it looked like the whitest and softest feathers, as the rays of the setting sun fell upon it from across the Great Gulf Water.

“ From the foot of the hill Scar-face shouted:

“ ‘ Feather Man! Feather Man! the son of Morning Star awaits thee! ’ ”

“ Out of the wigwam came a very old man with long, snow-white hair and a shining white feather robe that reached to his knees, so that he looked very much like a great white bird.

“ ‘ Who calls the Feather Man? ’ he shouted back.

“ ‘ The son of Morning Star, ’ answered Scar-face.

“ ‘ You are welcome, son of Morning Star. Come up to my wigwam! ’ shouted the Feather Man.

“ When Scar-face had come to the white wigwam, the Feather Man said:

“ ‘ Son of Morning Star, look yonder toward

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

the west in the direction of the Midway Island which you see straight in front, along the trail where the Sun goes into his shining night wigwam.'

"Scar-face looked to the evening wigwam of the Sun; and as the level rays fell upon his face, the Feather Man gazed fixedly at him.

" 'You are indeed the son of Morning Star!' he exclaimed. 'The mark of the Sun is on your face. What do you wish of me?'

"And Scar-face answered, 'Father, I would know the way to the Sky-land.'

" 'The Sky-land is still far off,' said the Feather Man; 'but you have already come a long distance and have overcome many dangers. Go on and don't be afraid. Go down to the shore of the Great Gulf Water and call:

" " "Stone canoe! Stone canoe!
The Feather Man has need of you!"

" 'When the white stone canoe comes to the shore, get into it and it will take you to the Midway Island, which separates the Earth-sea from the Sky-sea. There you'll find the ladder that leads to the Sky-land.'

"Scar-face went down to the shore of the Great Gulf Water and called:

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

“ ‘Stone canoe! Stone canoe!
The Feather Man has need of you!’

“ Out of the shining Night-land came a glistening white stone canoe, more beautiful than any boat Scar-face had ever before seen. It was fashioned and shaped like a birch-bark canoe out of one single piece of stone. Yet so light it was, it floated upon the water like a dry leaf; for it was the magic canoe of the Feather Man who was the greatest magician on the shore of the Great Gulf Water.

“ Scar-face got into the stone canoe, and while he was looking about for a paddle, it began to move off by itself over the trail of the Sun. It went so fast the shore was soon lost to sight. When the night came, Scar-face lay down in the canoe and slept; and all night long the magic boat sailed on toward the Midway Island.

“ When Scar-face awoke the following morning with the daylight, the Storm Spirits were beating the sea into fury and rolling the waves up as high as mountains; for they had learned that an Earth-man was going over the Sun-trail to the Sky-land and they had come to prevent him from getting there. They whistled and they shrieked and they piled the great waves on the top of one another. At first Scar-face was

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

afraid they would sink the little stone canoe. But the boat did not seem to mind the storm in the least. Right along the Sun-trail it kept; and it jumped from the top of one wave to the other as nimbly as a red squirrel leaps from branch to branch of a tree. Higher and higher the Storm Spirits rolled the waves; higher and higher they piled them on top of one another. But the stone canoe only jumped the higher and sprang the more nimbly from wave-top to wave-top.

“When the Storm Spirits saw they could not stop the stone canoe by piling waves upon waves, they all caught hold of it and began pulling backwards. Soon the canoe began to slow up and, after a short while, it was scarcely moving at all. For the Great Storm Spirit was a very powerful magician; and with his magic he held the stone canoe.

“Then Scar-face thought of the charm of the Moon Woman, the powerful charm she had brought with her from the Sky-land. Quickly he said the magic words; and at once the Storm Spirits let go the canoe, all except the Great Storm Spirit, who laughed long and loud, saying:

“‘Ho, ho, ho! I know you, Scar-face; and I know your old grandmother, the Moon Woman. I’m not afraid of her charms. If she did not fear

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

me, she would have gone back to the Sky-land long ago. She's a cowardly old thing.'

"It made Scar-face very angry to hear the Storm Spirit call his grandmother names. And he seized his spear and struck him full in the breast. But the spear glanced off as though it had hit against a rock.

" 'Why don't you carry a man's weapons?' laughed the giant. 'It's an insult to hit one with a plaything like that.'

"Again Scar-face struck the Storm Spirit in the shoulder. But again the spear rebounded as though from a rock; and again the giant laughed long and loud. Once more he struck him fair in the face; and again the giant laughed and shook his shaggy head.

"The magic canoe whispered:

" 'Scar-face, hit him on the crown of the head, right within the scalp lock. There you can hurt him.'

"For the fourth time Scar-face struck the giant, struck him fair in the center of the scalp lock, and the spear sank into his head. The Storm Spirit uttered a terrible cry of pain and disappeared beneath the water.

"When the other Storm Spirits saw their chief sink out of sight, they fled howling with rage far

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

away to the outer edge of the Ocean-world; and the great waves fell down in fear and the water became once more smooth and bright. Directly in front of the going-down place of the Sun was the Midway Island, but a short distance ahead.

“As soon as Scar-face had landed on the island, the stone canoe started back again to the home of the Feather Man. He watched it until it disappeared into the shadows of the night. Then he turned to examine the island on which he had landed. Close to the shore was a many-colored wigwam. But as he saw no one near it, he remembered the advice of the Fire Giant; so he shouted:

“ ‘Keeper of the Midway Island! Keeper of the Midway Island! the son of Morning Star has come to see you!’

“Out of the many-colored wigwam came an old man wearing a many-colored blanket. Putting both his hands together funnel-shape over his mouth, he shouted:

“ ‘Let the son of Morning Star come to my wigwam!’

“When Scar-face had come to the many-colored wigwam, the man with the many-colored blanket said:

“ ‘I have been expecting you, son of Morning

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

Star. The storm winds brought the news that you were on the Sun-trail. I am the keeper of the Rainbow Bridge which spans the gulf between the Midway Island and the Sky-land. Over it leads the trail of the Sun and over it you will have to go to reach the Sky-land.'

"The following morning, just as the Sun appeared, Scar-face began to climb the Rainbow Bridge up into the Sky-land. Very hard work it was; for the minute he began to climb it he found that all the magic had gone out of his magic moccasins. Three days he climbed during the day and slept during the night. At last, on the afternoon of the fourth day, he saw the shining wigwam of the Sun-father and the Moon-mother on a very broad and handsome plain through which ran a wide river.

"Once more he remembered the advice of the Fire Giant; and he called in a very loud voice, for he was still far off:

" 'Sun-father, Moon-mother, Scar-face has returned from the Earth-land to visit you.'

"The Sun-father had not yet got back from his day's journey, but the Moon-mother and Morning Star and the Feather Woman were there. And they all came out to welcome him. Suddenly Scar-face found that the magic had re-

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

turned to his moccasins; and he rushed to meet them.

“Morning Star was proud to have such a tall and handsome son; but most pleased of all to see him was his mother, the Feather Woman.

“For more than a year Scar-face remained in the Sky-land; and every day he went out hunting with his father, Morning Star, who was a very great hunter. From him Scar-face learned all the hunting knowledge of the Sky-land.

“Every morning, as they were going out to the forest, the Moon-mother always said:

“‘Watch out for the birds!’

“The first time she said this Scar-face laughed; for he thought: ‘Who’s afraid of birds?’ But when he saw that both the Moon-mother and Morning Star looked very serious, he made up his mind never to laugh again when the Moon-mother cautioned him to look out for the birds.

“One day Scar-face and Morning Star were out hunting in the mountains, far from home, when great masses of clouds began to gather around the mountain tops. Morning Star watched the clouds uneasily.

“‘I don’t like those clouds,’ he said. “Let us go home!’

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

“ But scarcely had they started for home when out of the blackest of the clouds came seven monster Thunder Birds. Swift as lightning they flew toward the hunters, screeching and breathing thunder from their wide-open mouths.

“ Morning Star ran away as fast as ever he could; and Scar-face followed him. Yet fast as his magic moccasins carried him, he could scarcely keep up with his father. And fast as they ran, still faster came the Thunder Birds, who were gaining rapidly upon them.

“ When the birds were almost up to them, Scar-face thought of the charm the Moon Woman had given him for use in time of great danger; and he turned and faced the birds, repeating it.

“ The Great Thunder Bird laughed.

“ ‘ Ho, ho, ho! I know you, Scar-face. We are not afraid of your silly charm which your silly old grandmother gave you! ’

“ It made Scar-face very angry to hear the Moon Woman called a silly old grandmother. So he drew his magic spear, saying:

“ ‘ Go straight, my magic spear, to the body of the Great Thunder Bird! ’

“ And the spear went straight to the body of the Great Thunder Bird, who fled screeching

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

toward the mountains. Scar-face followed the Thunder Birds as fast as his magic moccasins could take him; and one after another he hit them with his magic spear, saying:

“ ‘ My good spear, go straight to the heart of a Thunder Bird! ’

“ And the magic spear went straight to the heart of a Thunder Bird; until they were all dead.

“ Then Scar-face returned to his father, who had been unable to keep up with him, so fast had he gone.

“ Together they went back to the shining wigwam, to the Moon-mother, who was very glad when she heard the Thunder Birds were all dead.

“ ‘ Those Thunder Birds,’ said the Moon-mother, ‘ were very great magicians. Only they, in all the Sky-land, were more powerful than your father, Morning Star. Never did they fear any one except my daughter, the Moon Woman.’

“ ‘ They had reason to fear her,’ said Scar-face; ‘ for it was with her magic spear I killed them.’

“ When the Sun-father returned from his day’s journey and was told of Scar-face’s brave deed, he said:

“ ‘ You have done us a very great service,

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

grandson. Ask me any favor, and if it is possible I will grant it.'

" 'Sun-father,' said Scar-face, 'remove the mark from my face. I must soon return to the Earth-land, where Omemee, daughter of the Great Chief, has promised to be my wife.'

"The Sun-father touched the scar upon the face of his grandson and at once it disappeared; and the boy became handsomer even than his father, Morning Star.

" 'From now on,' said the Sun-father, 'the people shall call you not Scar-face, but Shining Face. When you return to the Earth-land, you shall take with you all the secrets you have learned in the Sky-land; and you shall teach them to your people.'

"After many days' journey, Scar-face returned over the Rainbow Bridge and the Sun-trail, to his home. The Great Chief, the Moon Woman and Omemee were very glad to see him again. And much the village people wondered at his handsome face and the marvelous adventures he related. But more they wondered and rejoiced at the strange knowledge he had brought back from the Sky-land, and which he imparted to them. Much they marveled, too, at the things he had learned from the Fire Giant.

SON OF THE MORNING STAR

"In the Earth-land there had never been a hunter like Scar-face; and never since his day has there been another. The great monsters and the evil spirits feared him; and they fled from before him into dark and dismal, unfrequented places.

"In remembrance of his visit to the Sky-land, Scar-face taught the people the Sun Dance. And whenever they dance it to-day, they think of Scar-face, the very great teacher; of the Moon-mother, skilled in all medicines; of Morning Star, patron of hunters, and of the great Sun-father. And they paint the symbols of all of them on the Sacred Wigwam; and with them the terrible Thunder Birds, who, while they no longer live in the Sky-land, still make their home in the dark clouds above the Earth-land.

"One day, when Scar-face had finished teaching the people and driving out the monsters from the Earth-land, he and his wife, Omemee, set out over the Sun-trail to the Sky-land.

"So glad was Morning Star to have his son back with him again that he said:

"'After this you and your wife, Omemee, shall be always with me.'

"And since that day they have always been with him. Like two bright stars are they as they travel with him across the morning sky."

IV.

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

THE Factor's little grandson, Pierre, had accompanied him to the Wigwam.

"He has not been well for over a week," said the old man. "He eats ravenously; and after each meal he is feverish and listless."

"Perhaps he is dining with the Snake-woman," said Iagoo. "People are like that when they dine with her."

"Tell us about the Snake-woman and those who dine with her," asked Orono, his professional interest aroused in a case which his experience of Indian stories told him must refer to some of the medical traditions of the people.

"Yes, tell us the story of the Snake-woman," urged the Lawyer.

"I hope it may not be that the little one is dining with the Snake-woman," said Iagoo earnestly. "If he is, no ordinary medical doctor can do him any good; for she is a very powerful enchantress."

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

“And what should one do in such a case?” asked the Lawyer, who always apparently agreed with the Indian when he desired to get his point of view on any question.

“You should send for a witch doctor,” answered Iagoo.

“I shall see about it if he doesn’t get better soon,” said the Lawyer gravely. “Please tell us, Iagoo, the story of the Snake-woman, so that we may understand the better what it is that troubles the little one.”

“Yes, that’s the best way to understand,” agreed Iagoo. “The story is long; but I must tell it in full, otherwise you would not understand.”

“Certainly; tell it in full, Iagoo. Do not cut out anything,” said the Factor.

This is the story that Iagoo told. This is the story of the Snake-woman:

“An old chief had an only son called Moon-face, whom he loved very much. The tribe was at peace with all its neighbors; so Moon-face grew up to be a young man without having had to leave home. He was a very good hunter; for his father kept him most of the time by his side.

“But the boy fell in love with a maiden of his own tribe, and he met her frequently. Then he

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

was not nearly so often by his father's side. But as the hunting season was good and Moon-face brought in plenty of game, his father thought:

“ ‘ He is getting to be a very good hunter indeed.’

“ One day Moon-face came to his father and said:

“ ‘ Father, I want to marry Laughing Eyes, the daughter of Lone Wolf.’

“ ‘ It is good that you should marry,’ said the old chief; ‘ and Laughing Eyes will make you a proper wife. I am satisfied. But you have as yet seen nothing of the world. Now that our tribe is at peace with all our neighbors, it is a fitting time for you to travel and to learn what there is to learn. You will one day be a chief, perhaps the Great Chief of my people. A chief should know much.’

“ ‘ I would like to travel, to see much and to learn many things,’ said Moon-face; ‘ for some time I intend to be the Great Chief of our people.’

“ The old chief gave his son everything needful to travel with; and Moon-face set out to see the world. He visited all the neighboring villages and saw much and learned many things that a Great Chief ought to know. At last one day

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

he came into a very far-off country, which was much unlike his own. All day he traveled without seeing a single person or animal or coming to a village. At sundown he stopped in front of the mouth of a cave under a great overhanging rock. He was very tired, and when he had eaten from his traveling bag, he lay down and went to sleep, and never woke up until it was daylight. He got up and prepared to continue his journey. But when he had gone out of the cave, he found the earth all about the mouth trodden down as though by the feet of many dancers. He was quite sure there had been no footmarks on the ground the evening before.

“ ‘Some people must have been here and held a dance in the night time,’ he said. ‘It is strange that the sound of the drums, the whistles and the singing did not wake me. I must have been very tired to have slept so soundly.’

“ ‘From the dancing place a broad trail led across the desert plain.

“ ‘I will follow this trail,’ thought Moon-face. ‘It is broad and plainly marked. There must have been many people here last night. Such a large body of people cannot travel quickly. I must catch up with them before night.’

“ ‘All day until the sun was high in the sky,



“Out of the water darted the head of a monster snake.”
Page 59.

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

Moon-face followed the trail, which ever continued broad and fresh. But he never came in sight of the band, which he felt sure could not be far ahead. He had not had any water to drink since the preceding day, and he had already begun to suffer from thirst; so he said to himself:

“ ‘I must soon catch up with these people. Such a large band do not travel thus openly in a country they do not know; nor do they travel where there is no water. I must certainly overtake them by night; and even if I do not, the Moon comes up early, and there will be light enough to follow the trail.’

“ Moon-face continued on his way in the burning sun. He had plenty of food in his hunting bag; but he was so thirsty and tired he had no desire to eat. He only wished the night would come and hide him from the heat of the sun. Tired and tired he became; and he was about to sit down on the dusty trail and wait for the evening, when he caught sight of the gleam of water ahead. In a moment all his weariness was forgotten, and he ran toward it and found a crystal spring gushing forth from a broad pool. Throwing himself on the ground, he bent over to drink, when out of the water darted the head of a monster snake.

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

“Moon-face drew back in fright, sprang up and ran off into the desert. After a little he stopped and sat down to think what he should do; and while he thought, his thirst grew worse; for the sun was still hot in the sky. At last he said:

“‘I will go and see if the snake is gone; for I must have some water or I shall die.’

“When he reached the pool there was no snake in sight; so throwing himself on the ground, he leaned over to drink; when again the serpent’s head darted forth from the water.

“Again Moon-face sprang up in great fear and ran off into the desert. He went only a little way this time, however. Then, looking back, he saw that the snake had not followed him. Fright and running had made him still thirstier; but it was some time before he could get up courage enough to go back to the pool again. At last, however, he crept to the edge and looked into the water, which was so clear he could see to the bottom many feet below. Carefully he looked; but there was no sign of the serpent anywhere. So he threw himself down on the earth again and prepared to drink. But as his face moved toward the water, the head of the snake darted forth again from the pool.

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

“ Forgetting his thirst and fatigue, Moon-face ran from the place once more; but finding that the snake made no attempt to follow him, he sat down on the sand and began to think. He said to himself:

“ ‘ You are a good hunter, Moon-face, and would, no doubt, have been a good warrior by this time had your tribe not been at peace with all its neighbors. Why, therefore, should you run away from a single serpent, no matter how big or savage? Why don’t you go back and fight it, if it tries again to prevent you from drinking the water from the pool?’

“ Moon-face drew his spear and went resolutely toward the water. But when he came to the pool, there, sitting on the edge of it, was the most beautiful maiden he had ever seen. He was so surprised at seeing her there that he forgot his manners and exclaimed:

“ ‘ How did you come here?’

“ ‘ The way you did, I suppose,’ answered the woman. ‘ I came by the trail.’

“ Moon-face thought, ‘ It is quite true, I have been so busy with the pool, the snake and myself that I should not have noticed a war party had it come down the trail.’

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

“But he asked, ‘Have you seen the snake in the pool?’

“‘No,’ answered the woman. ‘Is there really a snake in the pool?’

“‘Yes, there is,’ said Moon-face. ‘It is a monster. I have tried three times to get a drink; but every time it has darted up its head and stopped me.’

“‘Why don’t you go around and try the other side of the pool?’ suggested the woman.

“‘I am certainly very stupid!’ exclaimed Moon-face. ‘Why didn’t I think of that before?’

“He went round the pool to the other side; and there he threw himself on the ground, his spear in one hand ready to strike the snake if it should appear. But this time it did not show its head.

“After Moon-face had satisfied his thirst, he came back to the maiden and inquired:

“‘Do you belong to the band which has just passed?’

“‘No,’ answered the woman. ‘I am all alone in the world. I have come over the trail here, as I have already told you; but I can’t go any farther, for the trail stops here.’

“‘You are surely mistaken!’ exclaimed

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

Moon-face. 'It is such a broad trail and so fresh, and there certainly is no band encamped hereabouts.'

" 'Yes,' agreed the woman; 'it *is* broad and fresh, and there certainly is no band encamped hereabouts. But the trail stops here.'

" 'Then the people must have gone into the pool!' exclaimed Moon-face.

" 'Perhaps the serpent you saw there is one of them,' suggested the woman, with a curious smile.

" 'But the people who made this trail wore moccasins!' said Moon-face, as though that settled the matter.

" 'I have heard that snakes sometimes wear moccasins,' said the woman.

" 'How can that be?' exclaimed Moon-face.

" 'They say that some snakes can change themselves into human beings; and that they always do when they come out to dance in the moonlight.'

" 'That explains how they could dance at the mouth of the cave last night without my hearing them,' said Moon-face; 'for of course they don't have whistles and drums, and they don't sing and shout as we do.'

" 'Oh, yes, they do!' contradicted the woman. 'They have everything that human beings have

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

and do everything that they do; but their drums and their whistles and their rattles are supernatural, and only the Supernatural People can hear them.'

"Moon-face went completely around the pool, but not a trace of the continuation of the trail could he find.

" 'It must have been the Supernatural People who made the trail,' he said.

" 'Yes,' agreed the woman. 'There is no doubt about it. Only the snake people could disappear like this at the very edge of a pool.

" 'Well, what are you going to do, now that you have come to the end of the trail?' inquired Moon-face.

" 'I don't know,' answered the woman. 'I suppose I shall have to go back over the trail again. They say this desert is very wide.'

" 'That's exactly what I'm going to do,' said Moon-face; 'and I'm going to do it to-night while the sun is down and the trail is still fresh. If the rain should come and spoil it, we might not be able to find our way back. Let us travel together!'

" 'Very well,' agreed the woman; 'for it's lonesome traveling alone.'

"All that night Moon-face and the woman

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

traveled back over the trail; and just at daybreak they came to the mouth of the cave where Moon-face had spent the night before.

“ ‘ Let us camp here for the day; for the traveling is much better at night in this country!’ said Moon-face.

“ ‘ That’s a good idea,’ agreed the woman. ‘ But let us go farther into the cave. I am sure there is water there; for I can hear it running.’

“ They went into the cave together. But instead of its getting darker, it began to get lighter; and finally they came out on the edge of a creek running through a cañon open to the sky above.

“ ‘ This is a better place to camp for the day,’ said the woman; ‘ because, while it is light, yet the sun does not reach here.’

“ ‘ And it is much safer,’ said Moon-face. ‘ No one will find us here.’

“ After they had eaten from Moon-face’s hunting bag and had drunk from the creek, they lay down and slept in the shade of the rock.

“ Moon-face dreamed that he heard some one splashing in the water and that he got up and went to the creek and looked down into it. As he did so, the huge head of a serpent darted into his face. As he drew back, it changed itself into that of the woman. He awoke in a fright; but the

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

woman was still sleeping where she had lain down some hours before.

“He went to the mouth of the cave to look at the sun; for he could not see it from the cañon-like walls of the creek. It was almost evening; for he had been so tired that he had slept the entire day through. He went back into the cave and woke the woman, saying:

“‘It is time to get up now. The sun is nearly down. Before we have finished eating, the heat will all have gone out of the day. Then we can go back to the nearest village, which we should reach by morning.’

“Moon-face and the woman followed the trail toward the next village all that night; and the following morning, just after sunrise, they came in sight of it. Then the woman said:

“‘We must part here; for I cannot go into the village. Here is a magic ring. If you should wish to see me again at any time, take it out, while you are eating, and wish on it that I may come to you, and I will come at once. But don’t use it until you get home; for I will only come to a place where you are sure no one will disturb us while I am with you.’

“Moon-face took the ring and went on into the village. From that moment he could not get

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

the woman out of his head. He wanted to see her again; and he was very much tempted to try the magic ring; but he was afraid she might be angry with him. So he said to himself:

“ ‘I shall hurry home at once, where I can make use of her ring and have her come to me.’

“ That same night he set out for home; and he traveled every day, stopping nowhere on the way.

“ His father was very surprised to see him back so soon.

“ ‘You did not stay long, and you cannot have seen much,’ he said.

“ ‘No, I did not stay very long,’ answered Moon-face, ‘but I have seen a great deal. I got tired of traveling among strange people; so I have come back home.’

“ The old chief was very wise, so he said nothing; but he thought:

“ ‘The boy has seen something of the world. When he has been home a little while, he will want to see more of it.’

“ As soon as Moon-face was by himself in his wigwam, he pulled the hanging across the doorway; and when he had sat down to eat, he took out the magic ring the woman of the pool had given him; and he wished that she might be with

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

him. Scarcely had he said the magic words when there she was, sitting at his side.

“ ‘Where have you been and what have you been doing since I last saw you?’ he inquired.

“ ‘The woman looked very grave.

“ ‘Whenever you call me, I will come to you,’ she said, ‘and sit with you and eat with you; but you must not ask me anything about myself; for if you do I cannot come to you again.’

“ ‘At every meal after that, for many days, Moon-face dined with the woman of the pool. He begged her to stay with him and to become his wife; but she always answered:

“ ‘I don’t like the people here and I don’t want to have anything to do with them. I come here only to see you.’

“ ‘Moon-face now no longer visited Laughing Eyes or her father, Lone Wolf. Morning, noon and night he thought only of the woman of the pool. But Laughing Eyes thought of him; every day she thought of him; and she wondered why he did not come to see her and her father, as he used to do; and why he shut himself up in his wigwam and ate by himself, with the hanging drawn close about the doorway. She noticed that every day he went hunting; that he brought back better game than any of the other young men of

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

the village; but that he shared it with no one as he used to do; and that he never invited any one to eat with him.

“ ‘ He must eat a great deal,’ she thought; ‘ yet every day he is getting thinner and thinner.’ ”

“ The people of the village began to tell strange stories about Moon-face. First one person and then another had seen a huge snake glide into his wigwam when he was alone with the hanging drawn closely about the door.

“ ‘ He is bewitched by the snake,’ they said; ‘ and it is eating all his fine game and leaving nothing for him.’ ”

“ Laughing Eyes made up her mind to find out what it was that Moon-face did when he was alone in his wigwam; and why it was that he drew the hanging so closely about the door and never invited any one to dine with him; for she said:

“ ‘ Moon-face used to be very generous; and all that he had he shared with his friends. Now he is more successful than any one else in the chase, and yet he gives nothing away; but he shuts himself up in his wigwam and eats it all by himself. I must find out why it is that he acts in this way.’ ”

“ So one day she stole into the wigwam, while

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

Moon-face was out, and hid herself under a pile of robes in one corner and waited.

“In a little while Moon-face returned with a fine, fat young beaver, which he at once began to roast over the fire. Very carefully he roasted it; and when it was all ready, he took out the magic ring from the bosom of his hunting shirt and called the woman of the pool to him. They ate and laughed and chatted together. But Laughing Eyes, who saw everything from her hiding place, noticed that the woman ate like a starved wolf, and that Moon-face was so interested in her that he forgot to eat himself. All the best parts of the meat he gave to the woman; and she ate them as fast as he gave them to her. So anxious was Laughing Eyes to get a better view of her that she moved the robes and in so doing made a slight noise.

“The Pool-woman looked about with an expression of fear. Her eye caught the face of Laughing Eyes peering from the robes; and she turned and fled out through the doorway without saying a word. Moon-face called after her, but she did not answer.

“From that day the Pool-woman never returned. At every meal Moon-face prepared the finest game to be found in the forest; and then,

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

taking out the magic ring, he called her. But the amulet had lost its power over her.

“ One day Moon-face went to his father and said, ‘ Father, I want to see some more of the world.’

“ And the father said, ‘ It is well, my son. Go and learn all you can of the ways of other people.’

“ For many days Moon-face wandered about from one village to another and from one country to another, in search of the Pool-woman. But he neither found her nor heard of her. At last he said to himself:

“ ‘ I will go into the desert where I first met her; perhaps I may find her there.’

“ So he went into the desert; and when he had come to the cave, he slept there that night; and in the morning he found the broad trail leading off across the desert. He followed it, and it led him to the pool. But this time it did not stop there. On past it went toward the mountains; and on went Moon-face, too, following it. At last he came to a creek, on the shore of which sat a very old man, dressed in rags and shivering in the cold. Not a word he said; but he looked so miserable that Moon-face took off his warm hunting jacket and gave it to him and took the old man’s ragged coat and cap in exchange.

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

“ ‘ Good luck attend you, as it surely will!’ said the old man.

“ The creek was swollen high with the spring rains and the water ran strong and swift. Up and down the shore went Moon-face; but nowhere could he find a ford or any one to take him across.

“ ‘ I wish I were on the other side!’ he said at last. And immediately he found himself on the other side, at the very spot where the trail of the Pool-woman continued on the opposite shore of the creek.

“ He followed the trail. On up, up, up the mountains it went, right into the Land of the Clouds, the home of the Thunder-men. On the top of the Earth-world, in among the thickest of the clouds, he came upon a lodge in which were two very old Thunder-men. As the door was open, he walked in. But neither of the old men paid any attention to him; and though they were eating, they did not invite him to sit down and eat with them.

“ He passed between them and took a seat within the lodge. But still they paid no attention to him. As Moon-face was hot from his long climb up the mountains, he took off the fur cap which he had got from the

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

old man at the creek and began to fan himself.

“ ‘ Why, who are you and how did you get into this lodge?’ exclaimed one of the old men.

“ ‘ Why, who are you and how did you get into this lodge?’ exclaimed the other old man.

“ ‘ I just walked in,’ said Moon-face. ‘ And as no one bade me welcome or told me to get out, I sat down; and here I am.’

“ The two old men looked at each other.

“ ‘ I never saw you till now,’ said one of them.

“ ‘ I never saw you till now,’ repeated the other.

“ ‘ That’s very strange,’ thought Moon-face.

“ ‘ And yet I walked between you and sat down in front of you,’ he said.

“ The two old men shook their heads.

“ ‘ I have very good eyesight,’ said one.

“ ‘ I have very good eyesight,’ repeated the other.

“ Then the first old man moved over and made a place for Moon-face by himself, saying:

“ ‘ Sit down, brother, and eat with us.’

“ And the other old man said:

“ ‘ Yes, brother, sit in and eat with us.’

“ When they had finished their meal, Moon-face inquired:

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

“ ‘Uncles, will you not tell me your names? I have to go on my way now, for I am in a hurry; and I would remember those who have been so kind to me.’

“ ‘We are the keepers of the gate of the Land of the Thunder People,’ said one of the old men. ‘Might we know your name and what you are doing in our country?’

“ Moon-face told them all about his adventures with the Pool-woman and described her as well as he could.

“ ‘Why, that must be the Snake-woman!’ exclaimed one of the old men.

“ ‘Certainly, that must be the Snake-woman,’ repeated the other. ‘She passed here a short while ago, on the way to the lodge of the Great Chief.’

“ ‘Which way did she go?’ inquired Moon-face.

“ ‘Her trail is still fresh, and it leads right up the mountains from the door of the lodge,’ said the old man.

“ ‘Well, I must be going,’ said Moon-face, putting on his fur cap.

“ ‘Why, where’s he gone?’ exclaimed both the old men at once, rushing out of the door.

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

"Moon-face followed them, calling after them:

" 'Why did you run out of the lodge?'

"They looked around for him in every direction.

" 'He must be a very great magician to disappear like that and then call back so plainly!' exclaimed one old man.

" 'Yes, he certainly must be a very great magician,' agreed the other.

" 'Why, I believe they can't see me,' thought Moon-face, taking off his cap, for the sun was still high in the sky and he was still warm from his mountain climb.

" 'Why, I thought you had gone!' exclaimed one of the old men.

" 'And I thought you had gone,' repeated the other.

" 'It must be my cap!' thought Moon-face. 'When I have it on they cannot see me; and as soon as I take it off I become visible.'

" 'No, but I'm going now,' said Moon-face. 'Good-by until I return. I'll be back in a few days.'

"He followed the trail on up the mountain, carrying his cap in his hand until he was out of sight of the lodge. But as soon as the trail

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

turned around a great boulder and hid it from sight, he put it on and hurried back down the trail again. He found the two old men sitting in front of the lodge. One of them said to the other:

“ ‘We must hurry and tell the Great Chief that this fellow is coming and that he is after the Snake-woman; for he will be very angry if anything happens to his favorite wife; and he will be still angrier if this stranger carries her off.’

“ ‘Well, you go, brother,’ said the other, ‘and tell the Great Chief, while I stay here to guard the lodge.’

“ ‘The Snake-woman is certainly in the lodge of the Great Chief of the Thunder People,’ thought Moon-face. ‘As this old man is going there, I had better follow him; for I shall in this way get there sooner.’

“For all that he looked so very feeble, the old man climbed the mountains so fast that Moon-face could scarcely keep up with him. But at last they came to the mist-covered lodge of the Great Chief of the Thunder People on the very highest part of the mountain. From a short distance away it looked like a tepee of the Plains People. White as cotton it was; yet the sun shone right through it.

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

"When they came to the tent, Moon-face found that it was made of clouds stretched over tent poles, just as the tepee is built.

"Into the cloud-tepee went the old gatekeeper; and in after him went Moon-face; but he was careful to keep his fur cap on.

"Inside were two old Thunder-men, sitting on the ground, smoking.

"'Where is the Great Chief?' inquired the old gatekeeper.

"'He has gone hunting for men,' said one of the Thunder-men, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"'Have you seen the Snake-woman?'

"'No, she has not yet come back from the low country, where she went some days ago.'

"'Well, she is on the way,' said the gatekeeper. 'She will soon be here.'

"One of the Thunder-men laid down his pipe for a moment, and Moon-face took it up and touched his hand with the hot bowl.

"'Oh, I'm burned!' exclaimed the Thunder-man, jumping up.

"'You should be more careful with your pipe,' said the other.

"After a while the second Thunder-man laid

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

down his pipe; and Moon-face took it and touched his hand with the hot bowl.

“ ‘ Oh, I’m burned!’ exclaimed the second Thunder-man.

“ ‘ You should be more careful with your pipe,’ said the other.

“ Moon-face took a coal from the fire and dropped it on the head of the gatekeeper.

“ ‘ Oh, my head is burning!’ exclaimed the gatekeeper, springing up with a howl of pain.

“ ‘ There is a smell of burnt hair,’ said one of the Thunder-men.

“ ‘ Yes, there certainly is a smell of burnt hair,’ repeated the other Thunder-man.

“ Then they both examined the head of the gatekeeper.

“ ‘ His head is burned,’ said one of the Thunder-men.

“ ‘ Yes, his head is certainly burned,’ repeated the other Thunder-man. ‘ Who could have done it?’

“ ‘ It must have been that fellow who was at the lodge a short while ago,’ said the gatekeeper.

“ ‘ What fellow?’ inquired both the Thunder-men at once.

“ The gatekeeper told them all that had taken place at his lodge.

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

“ ‘That’s bad, very bad,’ said one of the Thunder-men.

“ ‘It certainly is very bad,’ said the other Thunder-man. ‘An Earth-man has been here and we have allowed him to escape. The Great Chief will be very angry when he comes home and hears of it.’

“ Just then the Great Chief of the Thunder-men came in with the body of a man he had killed.

“ ‘What’s all this noise about?’ he inquired; ‘and what are you doing here?’ he said to the gatekeeper.

“ ‘An Earth-man has been here and burned the three of us,’ said the gatekeeper.

“ ‘Why didn’t you catch him?’ thundered the Great Chief.

“ ‘We didn’t see him,’ cried the three together.

“ ‘Then how do you know he was here?’

“ ‘Because he burned us.’

“ ‘And how do you know he burned you?’

“ Each of the Thunder-men showed his burned hand and the gatekeeper the spot on the crown of his head where the hair had been burned off.

“ ‘Yes, you’re burned,’ said the Great Chief.

“ ‘We certainly are,’ agreed the three.

“ ‘And what are you going to do about it?’

“ ‘That’s what we’d like to know.’

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

“ Moon-face took a burning stick from the fire and touched the Great Chief's hand with it.

“ ‘ Ugh, I'm burned! ’ howled the Great Chief; and he jumped nearly through the smoke-hole.

“ The other three examined his hand.

“ ‘ Yes, you're burned, ’ they agreed.

“ ‘ I certainly am, ’ he said, nursing his burned hand.

“ Just then the Snake-woman came in with the body of a baby she had killed.

“ ‘ Look, ’ she said, ‘ how tender it is! It will make fine eating! ’

“ Moon-face was very angry; and he thought:

“ ‘ This woman who has been eating with me for many days is a cannibal and feeds on little children. ’

“ So he struck her with his spear and killed her. But in the place of the body of a beautiful woman, there at his feet lay a huge serpent.

“ Then he turned the Thunder-men into clouds and sent them up into the sky, saying to them:

“ ‘ You shall no longer kill Earth-people. You shall work for a living. You shall send, every day and all day and all night, dews and showers to refresh the Earth-land and to keep the grains and the grasses green! ’

“ On a bright sunny day you may still see them

THE SNAKE-WOMAN

floating, like great fleecy clouds, around the mountain tops; and if you look close enough, you may perhaps be able to make out the faces of the Thunder-men.

“ Moon-face went back home and said to his father:

“ ‘ Father, I have seen much of the world and I am tired of traveling. Let me now marry Laughing Eyes, daughter of Lone Wolf! ’

“ ‘ It is well,’ answered the old chief.”

V

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

LITTLE PIERRE had been so interested in the tale of the Snake-woman he had given the Factor no peace until he had promised to take him to the Wigwam that he might hear another story.

"What part of the story of the Snake-woman did you like best, Pierre?" inquired Baptiste.

"I liked it all," said the little fellow; "but the best were the magic cap and the funny act where Moon-face burned the giants with their own pipes. But why didn't he kill the giants? They always do, you know."

"Do the giants always get killed?" inquired Iagoo.

"Yes, always," insisted the little fellow sturdily. "That's what giants are for. Don't you know any tales in which the giants are killed?"

"There's the story of Chácopee, the Giant-killer," said Orono.

"How many giants did he kill?" inquired Pierre, with evident interest.

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

"All the giants in the world," said Orono gravely.

Little Pierre clapped his hands, and his eyes flashed.

"That must be a good story," he said, as he set his stocky little figure in the attitude of one fighting a world of giants.

"Tell the story for Pierre, Orono, and we'll all be little children again for one night," said the Factor.

"It's a very good story for older people, too," said Orono, with dignity. "When I was a boy, I heard it many times. Then the old people liked it as much as the little ones did; and the very old men liked it better."

"Well," said the Lawyer, with a quizzical smile, looking in the direction of the Factor, "some of us are getting old enough to enjoy a children's story once more."

"Children's stories are good stories," maintained Orono stoutly.

"Yes, very good," agreed the Factor. "Tell us, Orono, the story of Chácopee, the Giant-killer."

"Once upon a time," began Orono, "there lived in a forest an old man with his little grandson, Chácopee. All alone they lived; for no one

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

ever came near them, so vast was the forest and so far within it was their wigwam. The old man hunted during the day; and at night he told little Chácopee stories of all the animals who lived in the woods and the rivers. But never once did he tell him tales of men or of giants such as other children love to hear. So little Chácopee never knew that there was in all the world any other human being than himself and his old grandfather.

“As he grew older, Chácopee often went with his grandfather when the old man was not going more than a day’s trip from home. So he grew up to be a strong boy and to know a great deal about the forest and the animals who lived in it.

“Often his grandfather was away from the wigwam for more than a week at a time. At first Chácopee remained at home; but after he had learned the ways of the forest, he went out by himself and followed the trails of rabbits and other animals, which were so well marked that he could always find his way back to the wigwam. And he generally brought home game with him. He was very proud of his skill. But of all this he never said a word to his grandfather; for always, on leaving for a long trip, the old man would say:

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

“ ‘ Chácopee, don't go away from home while I am gone, for there are many dangers in the forest, dangers that you know not of. And besides, you might get lost in the wood, which is so large that one might wander in it for years without being able to get out of it! ’

“ One day the old man went up the river for beaver skins with which to make winter clothing, for they lived in the North Country where it is always very cold in the winter season. As he was going away, he said:

“ ‘ Chácopee, stay close to the wigwam; for I have had a very bad dream in which I saw you going off into the forest and meeting with fearful dangers. ’

“ And Chácopee, who was a little frightened at the story of the bad dream and the fearful danger in the forest, said:

“ ‘ I will be very careful, grandfather, and I will not go off into the forest. ’

“ As Chácopee was playing near the wigwam that same day, a snow-white rabbit hopped into the clearing, sat up on his hind legs and looked at him.

“ ‘ What a funny rabbit! ’ thought Chácopee. ‘ Who ever heard of a snow-white rabbit in summer time? ’

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

“He went into the wigwam and came out with his bow and ran toward the rabbit; but it hopped off into the forest. No matter how fast Chácopee ran, the rabbit hopped on just fast enough to keep out of the reach of his arrows. Several times he tried to shoot it; but always the arrow fell short of the mark. And each time that he missed, it seemed to Chácopee that the rabbit was laughing quietly at him.

“After they had gone some distance, they came to a camping place where some people had stopped the night before; for there were all about it the marks of many feet, and the coals were still smouldering in the white ashes. So interested was Chácopee in the fire and the many moccasin marks that he forgot the rabbit for a moment; and when he looked about for him again, he was nowhere to be seen. What was stranger still, though the rabbit trail to the camp fire and a little beyond it was quite plain, it stopped suddenly where he had last seen the rabbit. Search as he might, he could not find a trace of it. So at last he gave it up and followed the trail back home, which he reached just as the sun was going down.

“Much Chácopee wondered about the encampment and the many moccasin marks.

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

“ ‘It must certainly be my grandfather’s encampment,’ he said to himself. ‘But all those moccasin marks cannot be his, for they are of very different sizes, some of them smaller even than the marks of my own little moccasins.’

“ ‘The more he thought about it, the more he was puzzled; for he had not imagined that there were in the world other people than himself and his old grandfather, because he had never seen any nor ever heard of any.

“ ‘When the old grandfather returned with the beaver skins, Chácopee asked him:

“ ‘Grandfather, you went down the river instead of up it, as you intended, did you not?’

“ ‘No,’ answered the old man, ‘I did not go down the river; I went up it, for all the beaver have gone up the river.’

“ ‘And why have all the beaver gone up the river, grandfather?’ inquired Chácopee.

“ ‘The old man looked at his grandson for a moment without answering. Then he said:

“ ‘How should an old man know why the beaver do what they do? They are very clever animals and they have, no doubt, a very good reason for going up the river.’

“ Chácopee said to himself:

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

“ ‘ My grandfather knows very well why the beaver have gone up the river; but he does not want to tell me. Perhaps it is that down the river there are encampments with many moccasin feet, both big and small.’

“ But he said nothing of the white rabbit to his grandfather, or of the encampment, or of the many moccasin marks, both big and small, for he thought:

“ ‘ My grandfather would not like it if he knew I had been away from the camp.’

“ The following morning the old grandfather said to Chácopee:

“ ‘ Grandson, I am going into the forest far up the river to hunt for more beaver. The fur of those I have brought is very thick. The winter is going to be long and hard. We must have more beaver skins for our clothing and to line the wigwam so as to keep out the wind and the frost. Stay close to the lodge, for there is great danger in the forest.’

“ And Chácopee promised:

“ ‘ Do not fear, grandfather, I shall certainly not wander away and get lost in the forest.’

“ That same day, as Chácopee was playing in front of the wigwam, the snow-white rabbit hopped again into the clearing and sat up on his

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

hind legs and looked at him in a very friendly way.

“ ‘ I wonder if he has come to take me on another trip through the forest,’ thought Chácopee, ‘ and to show me another encampment?’ ”

“ This time he started after the rabbit without going into the wigwam for his bow and arrows. For a long time he followed the trail through the forest. At last he came to a clearing, and there was another camp fire and the smoke was still coming out of the white ashes. All around the fire were the marks of moccasins. But such monstrous moccasins surely no one had ever seen before! They were of different sizes; but the shortest of them was longer than the old grandfather, who was a tall man.

“ When Chácopee looked about for the rabbit, he was nowhere to be seen. Again he searched for the trail; but it ended just where he had last seen the rabbit. He was very much troubled at the thought of the monstrous moccasins, and he said to himself:

“ ‘ People with such very big feet must be taller than the tree tops.’ ”

“ All the way home he thought of the giant moccasin tracks. Could it be, he wondered, that his grandfather knew about them, and that this

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

was the great danger in the forest of which he had spoken, and why he went up the river instead of down?

“When the old grandfather came back home at the end of the week with more beaver skins, Chácopee said to him:

“‘Grandfather, are there people in the forest with feet as long as you are?’

“The old man looked at the boy for a moment without answering. Very earnestly he looked at him. Then he said:

“‘What nonsense you are talking! Who ever heard of people with feet as long as the body of a man? You must have been dreaming bad dreams.’

“But Chácopee was quite sure he had not dreamed of the camp of the people with the monstrous moccasins. He said nothing more about it, however; for he knew his grandfather would be angry with him for having gone off into the forest.

“Next morning the old man said again:

“‘Chácopee, be careful not to leave the wigwam while I am gone up the river after more beaver, for there is great danger in the forest.’

“And Chácopee answered:

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

“ ‘ Never fear, grandfather, I am not going to go away and get lost in the forest.’

“ Scarcely had the old grandfather gone off into the wood, when the snow-white rabbit came hopping into the clearing again and sat up on his hind legs and looked at Chácopee in the most friendly way.

“ ‘ Why, I do believe he’s inviting me to go for another trip into the forest,’ thought Chácopee. ‘ I hope he’s not going to show me a camp fire with moccasin feet larger than those I saw on the last trip.’

“ Off into the forest hopped the snow-white rabbit. But this time he kept only a little way ahead of Chácopee. He seemed to know that the boy was friendly and that he would not hurt him for anything in the world. The trip was much longer than either of the others; and it was midday before they rested in a great valley in which there were no trees. Much Chácopee wondered at it; for it was the first time he had been out of the forest; so he had never before seen a great stretch of treeless land.

“ On the edge of a high cliff the rabbit waited until Chácopee came up to him. Then he said:

“ ‘ Great Chief of the White Feather, I have brought you through the forest to show you what

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

your work is. Look down into this valley and tell me what you see.'

" Chácopee looked into the valley and said:

" ' I see five little hills that look like wigwams.'

" ' They not only *look* like wigwams,' said the rabbit; ' they *are* wigwams. There live the people of the big moccasins whose camp fire I showed you last week. The wigwams, as you have said, are like little hills. They are taller than the tallest tree that ever grew in the forest. Years ago, when you were a little boy, the giants who live in those wigwams came down, one night, upon the village in which your people lived and carried off every one in it except yourself, then a tiny baby. Your grandfather was out hunting beaver at the time. When he returned and found the village burned and the people all gone, and saw the many big moccasin feet and the broad trail leading off into the forest, he knew the giants had been there. When he had searched everywhere and could find no bodies, dead or alive, he also knew that they had carried off the people to eat them. Of all the village, only half a dozen wigwams were left standing; for what the giants had not burned they had trampled down with their great feet. Into those remaining wigwams your grandfather looked, one after another. But he

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

found them all empty. Then he sat down by the last wigwam and cried, for his heart was sore. He felt so all alone in the world that he wished the giants had taken him too. As he sat there, he heard the faint cry of a child. He looked again through all the wigwams; but he found nothing. He listened, and again he heard the cry. Where could the child be? It seemed to him that the cry came from behind the last wigwam. He went around there and searched the ground carefully, but found nothing. Just as he passed the sweat house he heard the cry very plainly. He looked into the sweat house; and there he found the child, just as its mother had hidden it away from the giants, wrapping it up carefully in a wolf-skin. Chácopee, you were that baby.

“ ‘Your grandfather was so glad that one of his family was still alive that he fled with you into the forest, far into the heart of the great forest; and there he has lived with you ever since.’

“ ‘That must be,’ said Chácopee, ‘why my grandfather has told me stories of animals, but never of men.’

“ ‘I suppose so,’ said the rabbit. ‘No doubt he did not want you to know about men. He feared that if you knew there were other people in the

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

world, you might want to go and find them. Then he would be left all alone in the forest. No doubt he feared, too, that the giants might catch you and eat you as they had the others of his people.'

" 'That's why my grandfather always tells me to be careful not to leave the wigwam when he is away in the forest,' said Chácopee; 'and why he has warned me so often that there is danger in the wood.'

" 'Yes,' said the rabbit, 'and you can see for yourself that there *is* real danger. But that's just why I've brought you here. Since the giants have come into this valley, all the people they have not caught have fled into the forest. The first camp fire I showed you belonged to people who were fleeing from the giants, just as your grandfather did, far into the wood. They are now up the river in the land of the beaver. All the animals, too, have fled. Your grandfather knows how great the danger is, and why the beaver are now far up the river instead of all along it, as they used to be when he first came into the heart of the forest.'

" 'Some one must kill the giants,' continued the rabbit, 'or they will catch, kill and eat all the people and the animals in the world. Years ago

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

your grandfather might have done it, for he was a very brave and wise man. But he is afraid of them now. And no one can conquer them who is afraid of them. What he cannot do you must do, Chácopee.'

"The white rabbit took from a white-skin bag a long white feather and stuck it in Chácopee's hair, saying:

"'From this day you are the Chief of the White Feather. And under this name you shall go forth and rid the earth of the great giants and do many other wonderful things. Here is your magic pipe. Whenever you smoke it you will have the strength of a very great magician. Here is your magician's bag, your white-skin medicine bag; and here is your magic cord. When you have smoked your magic pipe you will know what to do with the bag and the cord.'

"Just then Chácopee saw the giants returning through the valley to their village. They were as tall as the tallest tree in the forest and he watched them with wonder until they had entered their wigwams. Then he turned to look for the rabbit; but he was nowhere to be seen.

"Chácopee followed the rabbit trail back to his home; and when he got there, he wanted very much to smoke his magic pipe. But he thought:

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

“ ‘No, that will never do. The white rabbit says it is a wonderful enchanted pipe; and that once I have smoked it I will know what to do. I will wait until my grandfather comes back before I smoke it.’

“ ‘When the old grandfather had come back with more beaver skins, Chácopee said:

“ ‘Grandfather, have you ever seen people taller than the tops of the trees?’

“ ‘Nonsense!’ exclaimed the old man sharply, ‘Who ever heard of people taller than the tree tops?’

“ ‘He looked earnestly at his grandson, and Chácopee thought he was about to speak of the giants. But if he was, he changed his mind, for he never said a word.

“ ‘When the old grandfather had gone out to stretch the beaver skins in the sun to dry, Chácopee took out his magic pipe, filled it with magic tobacco from his white medicine bag and began to smoke. And as he smoked, the great white clouds of smoke completely filled the wigwam and made their way out through the door. Chácopee could see nothing about the pipe that was different from any other pipe, except that it gave forth more smoke and that the smoke was whiter. But the old grandfather stretching the beaver

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

skins in the sun to dry saw a very strange sight. For out of the wigwam where Chácopee was smoking came flocks of snow-white pigeons. In clouds they rose up and filled the air, just as the wild pigeons come in the fall. So many were there they hid the light of the sun.

“Into the wigwam hurried the old man; and there sat Chácopee smoking his magic pipe. Inside the wigwam there were no pigeons; but only great clouds of snow-white smoke, which Chácopee puffed into the air, his eyes half shut and a dreamy look on his face. He was so interested in the magic smoke from his magic pipe that he did not notice his grandfather had come into the wigwam.

“Outside the pigeons were singing a wonderful song that only Chácopee heard and understood. This is the song they sang:

“ ‘Joy to the forest hath come!
Joy to the hill and the plain!
For the Chief with his snow-white plume
Is smoking his pipe amain.

“ ‘He is smoking his magic pipe,
As the Manitu smokes on the hills;
And the giants they tremble in fear
Of the ills that the young Chief wills.

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

“ ‘For out of his magic pipe
Come the spirits of those who were slain;
And they rise o’er the forest afar;
And they cover the hills and the plain;

“ ‘And away in the east
Where the giants feast,
Like snow-white clouds they rise;
Like pigeons white
They cover the height
Where the Cannibal Kingdom lies.

“ ‘And the giants they gaze in awe;
And the giants they tremble with fear
Of the ills that the young Chief wills;
Of the danger that creepeth near.

“ ‘For the Chief he smoketh his pipe
As the Manitu smokes on the hills;
And the giants they tremble in fear
Of the ills that the young Chief wills.’

“ The old grandfather saw that Chácopee wore in his hair a wonderful white feather and that on his face was the look of one who was seeing spirits. He was very sorry, for he thought:

“ ‘I must soon lose my grandson, the only one of my people left me; for already he is wearing in his hair the white feather. He is making great magic; and the Spirit Voices are speaking to him. These are the words of the tradition: that when the young Chief of the White Feather comes

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

with his very great magic, then shall the giants tremble with fear; and when he stretches forth his hand against them, they shall disappear from the earth.'

"Not a word said the old man. Silently he sat down on the wigwam floor and watched his grandson puffing out great magic clouds of snow-white smoke from his magic pipe and listening to the magic song of the souls of the dead.

"After a while, when Chácopee had finished smoking and put his pipe away, the old grandfather said:

" 'Grandson, you have been in the forest while I was away; and you have seen strange things.'

" 'Yes, grandfather, I have seen very strange things,' answered Chácopee.

" 'And what have you seen, grandson?'

" 'I have journeyed with the Snow-White Rabbit Magician to the home of the giants.'

" 'And what did you do there?'

" 'I have brought back a magic bag, a magic cord and a magic pipe.'

" 'And what are you going to do with the magic bag, the magic cord and the magic pipe?'

" 'This is the song the spirits have sung to me,' said Chácopee. And he repeated the song:

· " 'Of the spirits of those who were slain.'

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

“ ‘The spirits have come to you, grandson,’ said the old man very sorrowfully; ‘and you must do as they tell you.’

“ ‘To-morrow I am going out to fight the giants,’ said Chácopee.

“ ‘Yes,’ agreed the old man. ‘To-morrow you must go to fight the giants. Remember always to do what the spirits tell you.’

“ ‘I will remember, grandfather,’ promised Chácopee.

“ Early next morning Chácopee set out for the Land of the Giants. He had no trouble in finding it again; for the trail which he himself had made to and from it was still quite plain. At midday he came to the top of the cliff that overlooked the valley in which was the village of the giants.

“ He sat down on the edge of the cliff, took out his magic pipe from his magic white hunting bag and smoked it. And as he smoked, the masses of snow-white smoke floated over the valley of the Land of the Giants where they became dense flocks of snow-white pigeons. Around about the five great wigwams of the giants flew the pigeons, singing as they flew; and back to Chácopee, listening far above on the cliff, floated the song soft and low:

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

“ ‘And the giants they gaze in awe;
And the giants they tremble in fear
Of the ills that the young Chief wills,
Of the danger that creepeth near.’

“ ‘For the Chief he smoketh his pipe
As the Manitu smokes on the hills;
And the giants they tremble in fear
Of the ills that the young Chief wills.’

“ The giants, too, must have heard and understood the song of the pigeons, for the five of them came running out of their houses; but when they saw the birds they ran back into their wigwams and pulled the robes close over the doors.

“ Away flew the pigeons upward, ever upward, until they lost themselves in the Sky-land. As the last one disappeared through a great white cloud, Chácopee thought:

“ ‘The song of the pigeons must have been meant for me as well as for the giants; for otherwise it would not have reached me, it was so soft and low. If the giants are afraid of me, then I should not be afraid of them.’

“ He descended the cliff by a winding pathway, to the plain below, and marched boldly toward the village of the giants.

“ When the giants found that the white pigeons were gone, they came out, one after an-

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

other, from their wigwams. They were so interested in searching the sky for signs of the birds that they did not notice that Chácopee had descended the cliff and was coming toward them.

“After a while one of the giants got a crick in his neck from gazing so long and so fixedly upward; and he was forced to look down. As he did so, he caught sight of Chácopee. He uttered a cry of surprise and pointed straight at him, exclaiming:

“ ‘The Chief of the White Feather!’

“The other four giants stopped stretching their necks upward and they, too, looked at Chácopee; and then they began to laugh. He was so small and insignificant that it seemed absurd he should be coming to defy them.

“But the other giant said very seriously:

“ ‘Do not laugh, brothers, for he who can call up the souls of the dead that we have killed and send them around our wigwam must be a very powerful magician. Small as he is, he is not afraid of us; while all other men have run from us in terror. Let us receive him as a great chief; and let us gain over him by cunning what we may not be able to gain by force.’

“ ‘That’s a very good idea,’ said the other four giants all together.

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

“ So they prepared to receive Chácopee as a very great chief; and when he reached the village, the Big Chief of the Giants said, with much ceremony:

“ ‘ Great Chief of the White Feather, you have honored us by coming to our village. We are glad to welcome you here. Make yourself at home. Everything you see here is yours so long as you honor us with your presence.’

“ Chácopee answered very politely:

“ ‘ Great Chief of the Giants, I sent my messengers on ahead to advise you of my coming.’

“ ‘ Only such a great chief could have so many and such beautiful messengers,’ said the Great Chief of the Giants. ‘ Very swift are your messengers. Swift of foot must be their master. We are glad that you have come to visit us; for my youngest son is so swift a runner that no one has yet been able to keep up with him. Will you not race with him?’

“ ‘ Yes, I will race with him,’ said Chácopee.

“ Now the five giants were all great magicians, each one in a different way. So they had made up their minds to try their magic on Chácopee. If one of them could run swifter than Chácopee, it would be because his magic was stronger than that of Chácopee. Each giant had made for him-

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

self a wonderful pair of enchanted moccasins. When he wore them, he could run faster than the winds and spring across the widest rivers. So they felt quite sure than one of the giants would be able to outrun Chácopee. And they had agreed among themselves that he who could do so was to kill him at the end of the race.

“So long was the valley in which the giants lived that one could not see to the end of it. On one side of it was the high cliff by which Chácopee had come into the Land of the Giants; and along the other side and across the opposite end ran a very wide river. The giants arranged to have the race run over a course from the village to the far distant mountains; then back by the river bank to the high cliff; and from there home. So long was the course a swift runner could not cover it in a day. But the giants, who often amused themselves running races with one another, could cover the course in less than half that time; and they had marked it out with barkless poles set far apart at particular turning points.

“This the Big Chief of the Giants explained to Chácopee, saying:

“‘You must keep to the outside of the poles and follow the trail which marks the course.’

“At the beginning of the race the giant did not

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

go very fast, for he wanted to try Chácopee out and see how fast he could go. When he looked back and saw that he had hard work to keep up, he laughed to himself, saying:

“ ‘ My magic is greater than this famous Chief with the magic White Feather.’

“ Then he began to run very swiftly; and Chácopee found himself being left behind, little by little. Just as he felt that he must lose the race, a voice called to him low and soft from the magic white-skin hunting bag:

“ ‘ Chácopee, take me out and I will help you.’

“ Chácopee opened the bag and took out the invisible cord. Then the cord whispered to him:

“ ‘ Lasso the giant with me and he will not be able to go any faster than you!’

“ Chácopee lassoed the giant around the body, so that no matter how fast he ran he could gain no more ground. Fast as the wind ran the giant over river and lake, over valley and hill. But just as fast as he and no faster ran Chácopee. At last the giant began to fear that Chácopee could run more swiftly than he was running. This worried him, for he could not see the invisible cord; and this made him think that Chácopee was only trying to find out how fast he could run.

“ When they had raced halfway around the

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

course and had passed the mountains and come to the river bank, the lasso whispered:

“ ‘Chácopee, drop me about his ankles and I’ll trip him and throw him into the river and break his neck!’ ”

“Chácopee suddenly slackened the lasso, and it dropped about the ankles of the giant and tripped him and threw him headfirst into the river and broke his neck.

“ ‘Now ride me, and I’ll take you home!’ said the lasso.

“Chácopee jumped astride the lasso, which at once started off so fast that, in a very short time, he was back in the village.

“ ‘Where’s my youngest son?’ inquired the big Giant Chief.

“ ‘I passed him where the mountains and the river meet,’ said Chácopee, ‘and I have not seen him since.’ ”

“The Big Chief of the Giants thought:

“ ‘This fellow is certainly a fast runner; but he must be very tired after such a long race. If I run my second son against him, he will surely win.’ ”

“So he said:

“ ‘My second son is a faster runner than my youngest son; and he would like to race with you.’ ”

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

“ ‘ I will race with him,’ said Chácopee.

“ The second giant kept ahead of Chácopee; but at the beginning he did not run as fast as he could, for he wanted to try out Chácopee and see how tired he was and how fast he could run. As he looked back and saw Chácopee some distance behind, he thought:

“ ‘ He must be tired, or he would keep closer to me. I’ll show him how fast I can go.’

“ But he did not know that Chácopee had already lassoed him with his invisible lasso.

“ Faster and faster went the giant; but whenever he looked back, as he frequently did, he saw that Chácopee kept always the same distance behind him. After a while he, too, began to get worried; for he said to himself:

“ ‘ Perhaps this fellow with the white feather is really not tired at all and is only waiting until I tire myself out, to pass me as he did my brother.’

“ Just as they came to the mountains, the lasso whispered:

“ ‘ Drop me over his ankles.’

“ Chácopee let out the lasso; and as it dropped over the ankles of the giant, he was going so fast he flew right over the river and landed on his head on the mountain side.

“ Getting astride the lasso, Chácopee rode back

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

to the village, where he arrived in less time than he had taken for the first race.

“ ‘Where’s my second son?’ inquired the big Giant Chief.

“ ‘I passed him at the mountain and I have not seen him since,’ answered Chácopee.

“ ‘This fellow *is* a very fast runner,’ thought the big Giant Chief; ‘but he *must* be tired by this time. I’ll try my third son against him. He’s swifter than his younger brothers.’

“ So he said:

“ ‘My third son is very swift; he would like to have a race with you.’

“ ‘I will race with him,’ said Chácopee.

“ Before the race began, Chácopee lassoed the giant, and it was well he did; for he started off faster than the fastest wind that ever blew. He had made up his mind to tire Chácopee out from the start. But whenever he looked back, he saw Chácopee close upon his heels. Faster and faster he went; but Chácopee kept always close behind him. At last the third giant began to be worried. But he was much more clever than his two brothers. So he thought:

“ ‘This fellow runs well on the beaten trail. I’ll lead him over very rough country through the Great Swamp.’

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

“The giant turned off from the beaten track into the rough trail. Just as he came to the edge of the Great Swamp, the lasso whispered:

“‘Drop me on to his ankles and I’ll show him a trick about new trails.’

“Chácopee slackened the lasso and as it dropped on to the ankles of the giant, it tossed him upward, and he flew headfirst into the very center of the Great Swamp. And there he remained, with his head in the mud and his great limbs wriggling in the air like the branches of a monster tree shaken by the storm wind.

“Chácopee got astride the lasso and rode back to the village, where he arrived in much less time than he had taken for either of the other races.

“‘Where’s my third son?’ inquired the Giant Chief, very much surprised to see Chácopee back so soon.

“‘He stopped at the Great Swamp to have a rest,’ said Chácopee, ‘and I came on.’

“‘This fellow’s *swift*,’ thought the big Giant Chief. ‘But he must certainly be tired out by this time after three such long and very fast races. I’ll try my last son against him.’

“So he said:

“‘My fourth son runs faster than his brothers. He would like to have a race with you.’

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

“ ‘ I will race with him,’ said Chácopee.

“ Chácopee lassoed the fourth giant before the race began. Had he not done so, he would never have been able to have lassoed him at all, so fast did he go. He was very much swifter than the third brother, and he thought no one could keep up with him. So, like the third giant, he had made up his mind to tire Chácopee out from the start. Faster and faster he went; but always, when he looked over his shoulder, there was Chácopee right on his heels. ‘ This will never do,’ he thought. ‘ This fellow runs well on the beaten trail and on the level ground. I’ll run him right up the mountain.’

“ When they came to the foot of the mountain, the lasso whispered:

“ ‘ Drop me on to his ankles and I’ll teach him a trick about mountains.’

“ Chácopee slackened the lasso; and so fast was the giant running it threw him right over the mountain and landed him on his head in the valley on the other side. What happened to him there nobody knows; but he never came back.

“ Chácopee got astride the lasso and rode back to the village, where he arrived in much less time than he had taken for the third race.

“ The Big Chief of the Giants was so as-

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

tonished he could scarcely believe his senses. He thought:

“ ‘ Surely this fellow has not run over the whole course! ’

“ ‘ Where’s my fourth son? ’ he inquired.

“ ‘ I lost him on the way,’ said Chácopee.

“ The Big Chief of the Giants was a faster runner than any of his sons, so he thought:

“ ‘ This fellow with the white feather must *certainly* be tired out by this time; for he has run four long and very fast races.’ So he said:

“ ‘ I run pretty swiftly myself. I would like to have a race with him who has beaten my four sons.’

“ ‘ I will run with you,’ said Chácopee, lassoing the old giant as he spoke. And it was well he did; for no sooner had he said the word than the giant started off with a speed much faster than his fastest son; for he thought:

“ ‘ I’ll get the start of him at first and he’ll never catch up.’

“ But whenever he looked over his shoulder, there was Chácopee right at his heels. So fast went the giant, however, that Chácopee could not keep his feet touching the ground. So he got astride the lasso; and he found he could go even faster than the old giant himself. Out to the

CHÁCOPEE THE GIANT-KILLER

mountains they went and back down the river they flew. Just as they came within sight of the cliff, the lasso whispered:

“ ‘ Drop me about his ankles and I’ll see how hard his head is.’

“ Chácopee slackened the lasso; and so fast was the big Giant Chief running that he shot through the air like a falling star and struck on his head on the cliff, more than a mile away.

“ ‘ I’ll go home,’ said Chácopee. ‘ What’s the use of running a race when there’s no one to run it against.’

“ So he took the rabbit trail back to the wigwam of his old grandfather, who was very glad to see him again and to know that the giants were dead, and that he could now go hunting *down* the river as well as *up* it.”

VI

CHÁCOPEE AND THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

SEVERAL weeks after Orono's story of Chácopee the Giant-killer, little Pierre begged so hard to be taken to the Wigwam again that the Factor agreed to do so on the condition that he would not ask for a story; "for," explained the old man, "you are only a guest at the Wigwam meetings, and good-mannered guests always take things as they find them, never asking for what is not given to them without asking."

"You liked the story of Chácopee and you've come back for another, Pierre?" said Orono.

"Grandpa, would it be impolite to say I liked the story?" appealed the little fellow.

"No," answered the old man very gravely, a quiet twinkle in his eye, "if you only say you like it."

"Yes, I liked the story very much," said Pierre.

"And you'd like to hear another?" suggested Orono.

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

"My grandpa says that polite people, when they are guests in a place, never ask for things that are not given them without asking," answered Pierre, with a judicial air.

"But you certainly would like to hear how Chácopee killed the Grandfather Giant?" insisted Orono, with a mischievous smile.

"You said he killed them all, every single giant in all the world," said the little fellow, with an injured air.

"So he did," said Orono. "But I didn't have time to tell you how he settled with the old Grandfather Giant."

"Grandpa, would it be impolite to say that you would very much like to hear the end of a story that was broken off right in two in the middle?" inquired Pierre appealingly.

The Factor put on a very thoughtful air as though he were thinking out the problem thus suddenly presented for his consideration, and after considerable deliberation said:

"In that case I think it would not be impolite."

"Then, good Orono, please tell us how Chácopee killed the Grandfather Giant," said the little fellow.

"As Chácopee sat in front of his grandfather's wigwam," began Orono, "some time after he had

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

killed the five giants, the snow-white rabbit hopped into the clearing once more, sat up on his hind legs, and rubbed his two front paws over his nose in a very friendly way.

“ ‘ Good day, Friend Rabbit,’ said Chácopee, ‘ I am very glad to see you.’

“ But the rabbit never answered. In fact, it seemed as if he hadn’t heard a word that was said. But he looked at Chácopee in a friendly and inviting way over his shoulder, as he trotted off into the forest.

“ ‘ Here’s another adventure ahead,’ thought Chácopee joyfully, for he had been feeling very lonely, because his grandfather had gone up the river for more beaver, and because he had been thinking about the people in the great world beyond the forest and beyond the treeless land of the giants. He wondered very much what they were like; and if they were divided into old people like his grandfather and young people like himself.

“ ‘ Here’s another adventure!’ repeated Chácopee, as he followed the rabbit into the forest.

“ The rabbit hopped along so fast that Chácopee had much difficulty in keeping up with him; and he was sorry he had not taken his magic lasso with him so that he might have been able to

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

ride at least a part of the way. Just at midday, when he had begun to get tired, the rabbit stopped and waited until Chácopee caught up to him, where he was sitting on the edge of the cliff overlooking the Country of the Giants.

“ ‘ I wonder why the rabbit has brought me here again?’ thought Chácopee. ‘ The giants are all dead.’

“ ‘ No, Chácopee,’ said the rabbit, who had been reading his thoughts; ‘ the giants are not all dead. Look out there over the treeless land toward the village of the giants and tell me what you see!’

“ Chácopee looked over the treeless land toward the village of the giants.

“ ‘ I see the smoke coming out of the smoke-hole of the center and largest wigwam,’ he said. ‘ There must be some one living in the village.’

“ ‘ Yes, there is,’ said the rabbit; ‘ and it’s a giant, too.’

“ ‘ Why, I thought all the giants were dead!’ exclaimed Chácopee.

“ ‘ Yes, you thought,’ said the rabbit. ‘ That’s the trouble. After you had beaten all the giants in the race, you did not take the trouble to see if there were any more in the wigwams. When you had killed the Father Giant and his four sons,

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

you should have attended to the old Grandfather Giant, too.'

" 'I'll go and attend to him to-morrow,' said Chácopee.

" 'No, you mustn't,' said the rabbit. 'He's a very great magician, and he has sworn to kill you. But he cannot do anything against you unless you go to him, or unless you let him injure you. He will come to you in some strange shape and will ask you to do something. And only if you do it will he have power over you. This is what I have come to tell you. So whenever any one comes to you in a shape you have not seen before, you must smoke your magic pipe. Then you will be able to change yourself into a very fleet deer and to run off into the forest and escape the danger.'

"Just then the old Grandfather Giant came out of the center wigwam and began to howl in a terrible manner. His voice was louder than the loudest thunder; and when he stamped his feet the earth trembled.

" 'What's the matter with him?' inquired Chácopee.

"But there was no answer; for the white rabbit had disappeared.

"All the way home Chácopee kept wondering

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

what strange shape the Giant would take when he came to visit him.

“ ‘ Anyway, he won’t fool me,’ he said aloud. ‘ I’ll be on the watch for him; and the moment I see him I’ll change myself into a deer, and off I’ll go through the forest.’ ”

“ The following morning, as Chácopee was sitting in the sun in front of his grandfather’s wigwam, a very beautiful young woman came to him from across the Beaver Meadow and said:

“ ‘ I have traveled far through the forest and I am tired and hungry. Will you not give me something to eat and let me rest here?’ ”

“ Chácopee had never before seen such a beautiful creature; and he jumped up and went at once to hunt something for her to eat. But as he entered the wigwam, his eye fell upon his magic pipe and he thought:

“ ‘ That woman outside must be the danger the white rabbit warned me of.’ ”

“ He lit his pipe; and with it in one hand and the provisions in the other, he went out of the lodge. As he handed the food to the woman, she cast a startled, angry glance at the pipe. Then she hid her anger, and smiling ever so sweetly, said:

“ ‘ Will you not sit down and eat with me?’ ”

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

“But Chácopee remembered the warning of the white rabbit; so he said:

“‘No thank you, I have just eaten,’ which was quite true.

“Then he began to smoke his magic pipe and at the same time he wished:

“‘My good magic pipe, change me into a very fleet deer!’

“And at once he was changed into a very fleet deer; and off he ran into the forest.

“The woman left her food and ran after him, calling to him to come back. But he ran on, never looking back and never paying any attention to her; and so swiftly he ran he soon left her far behind. It was almost noon before he stopped running. Then he looked carefully around for the woman; and when he had satisfied himself she was nowhere about, he started for home.

“It was almost dark when Chácopee reached his grandfather’s wigwam. He was very much afraid the woman might be still about; so he looked carefully through the lodge. But there was no one there.

“Next morning, as Chácopee was sitting in the sun in front of the wigwam, thinking of the beautiful young woman who had visited him the day

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

before and feeling half sorry he had run away from her, another young woman, more beautiful than the first, came to him across the clearing, and inquired:

“ ‘Have you seen my eldest sister? I have been following her through the forest for several days; but I can never catch up with her.’

“ ‘Yes, I think so,’ said Chácopee. ‘Yesterday a beautiful woman stopped here and asked for something to eat. She was tall and graceful and quite slender, and she looked like you, but older.’

“ ‘That was my sister,’ exclaimed the young woman. ‘Tell me where she is.’

“ ‘I do not know,’ said Chácopee. ‘She went off through the forest over there.’

“ He pointed in the direction he himself had gone the day before.

“ ‘Oh, I am so tired and hungry; I cannot go any farther!’ moaned the woman. ‘And I shall never find my sister!’

“ Chácopee jumped up and ran into the wigwam to get her something to eat. Again his eye fell upon the magic pipe; and he remembered the warning of the white rabbit. So he took the pipe, lit it and began smoking. Then he went out and gave the food to the woman. He watched her

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

closely; and he noticed that she cast an angry glance at the pipe. But for a moment only. Then she smiled very sweetly and said:

“ ‘ Sit down and eat with me. It will be much more pleasant! ’

“ ‘ No, thank you,’ answered Chácopee. ‘ I prefer to smoke; for I have just eaten.’

“ As he watched the woman closely, he noticed that she was trying to cast a spell upon him, so he wished:

“ ‘ My good magic pipe, change me into a very fleet deer! ’

“ And at once he was changed into a very fleet deer; and off he ran into the forest.

“ The woman left her food and ran after him, calling to him to come back and stay with her, for she was lonely because she had lost her sister. But he never stopped for a moment or looked back; for he remembered the warning of the white rabbit.

“ At noon he stopped and looked carefully around for the woman. But she was nowhere in sight, nor could he find her when he got back home.

“ Next morning, as Chácopee sat in the sun in front of the wigwam, a third woman, taller, slenderer and more beautiful than either of the

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

other two, crossed the clearing and came up to him and inquired:

“ ‘Have you seen my two elder sisters? I have been following them through the forest for five days; but I have not been able to catch up with them. I will rest here a little, if you do not mind; and then I shall go on and see if I cannot overtake them.’

“ ‘Yes,’ answered Chácopee, ‘I have seen them. Two days ago the elder passed by here; and yesterday the younger; and one was trying to catch up with the other, just as you are trying to catch up with the two of them. They were both tall, slender and handsome; and they looked very much like you, but older.’

“ ‘Yes, those are my sisters,’ exclaimed the young woman.

“ Chácopee thought:

“ ‘I have never seen anything so beautiful in my life. She is handsomer than either of the others.’

“ ‘You are hungry and thirsty,’ he said. ‘Let me bring you something to eat and drink!’

“ ‘No,’ she replied, ‘I am neither hungry nor thirsty. But I am very tired. When I have rested a little, I shall go on and try to catch up with my sisters.’

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

“ She was very much afraid Chácopee would go into the wigwam and get his pipe and smoke it. So she sat down beside him in front of the wigwam and began to cast her magic spell upon him.

“ By and by Chácopee began to get drowsy, and she said:

“ ‘ The hot sun has made you sleepy. Lay your head in my lap and rest for a while.’

“ Her voice was so soft and low and inviting, and her face so sweet and friendly that Chácopee put his head in her lap and was soon sound asleep.

“ Very cautiously the woman got up so as not to wake him, and picking up a heavy stick, hit him over the back with it.

“ Chácopee awoke with a terrible cry of pain and began running about on all fours; for the old Grandfather Giant had changed him into a dog with a broken back. At the same time the Giant had changed himself into a very handsome young warrior. He went into the wigwam, and taking Chácopee’s magic bag and putting into it the magic pipe and the magic lasso, he came out again. The little humpbacked dog was lying by the doorway. He gave it a kick, saying:

“ ‘ Follow me and keep close to me, or it will be the worse for you!’

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

“The dog followed the Giant. He could not have done anything else had he wished. But he thought:

“‘If I follow him, I may get my magic pipe back again and be able to change myself into my own proper form.’

“The Giant had stuck Chácopee’s magic white feather in his own hair.

“For several days they marched through the forest. At last they came to an open country. There many people came to meet them; for they had heard that the young Chief of the White Feather, who had killed the five Giants, was on his way to visit them; and every one was anxious to see him. But the most anxious of all were the two pretty daughters of the High Chief of the village.

“The Giant was entertained with dancing, singing, games and story-telling; and so clever was he and so well did he please the High Chief that he married his elder daughter to him.

“The younger daughter was very sad when her sister was married. And as there was no one else she cared to have for a husband, and no one to love, she took the poor little humpbacked dog into her wigwam. He was so affectionate, so kind

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

and so clever, she soon began to like him very much.

“The Giant was a very great hunter; for, with his magic arts, he could always tell where the game was; and he was able to bring something back to the wigwam when other clever hunters came home empty-handed. So the elder sister loved to boast to her father, her sister, her relatives and her friends what a very clever hunter her husband was.

“The younger sister cried softly to herself in the wigwam; and she petted the poor little hump-backed dog, saying:

“‘You poor little thing, you are the only husband I have; and you cannot hunt like my sister’s brave and handsome husband.’

“The dog looked up into her face with very wise eyes.

“By and by, when the younger sister was not watching him, he went quietly out of the wigwam; and, in a little while, he returned with a very fine rabbit and laid it at her feet.

“‘You wonderful dog!’ cried the younger sister. ‘You understood every word I said.’

“She laughed and cried by turns and hugged the dog.

“After that the dog brought the younger sis-

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

ter more and better game than the Giant could find in all the forest.

“ It was not long before every one in the village knew that the little humpbacked dog was bringing wonderful game to the younger sister.

“ When the Giant heard of it, he said to himself:

“ ‘ There is still some magic about this fellow. I must watch him and find out what it is.’

“ He watched the dog; and one day he saw him throw a stone into the water. At once the stone became a beaver; and as it sprang out of the water, the dog seized it and ran off with it to the wigwam of the younger sister.

“ The Giant went back to the river and threw a stone into the water, just as he had seen the dog do; but no beaver came out. Again he tried; but again no beaver came out. A third time he tried, but no beaver came out. Then he said to himself:

“ ‘ I’ll watch the dog very carefully next time and see how he does it.’

“ Next day the Giant followed the dog to the river again. And this time he watched him very carefully; and he saw that he turned around completely four times. The first time he stopped at the north; the second time at the west; the third

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

time at the south; and the fourth time at the east. Then he threw the stone into the river; and out sprang a beaver which he caught and ran off with it to the wigwam of the younger sister.

“When the dog had gone, the Giant picked up a stone and turned around four times, just as he had seen the dog do, stopping the first time at the north, the second at the west, the third at the south, and the fourth at the east. Then he threw the stone into the river and out leaped a beaver, which he killed with a stick and took at once to his wife. He left it by the door; but when his wife came out to get it, there was nothing but a stone there.

“The next day the Giant followed the dog, who went into the edge of the forest and picked up the dry branch of a tree; and after he had turned around four times as on the previous day, he threw the branch on the ground; and at once it became a young deer. As the deer sprang away into the forest, the dog ran after it, caught it and took it to the wigwam of the younger sister.

“When the dog had gone, the Giant picked up a dry limb, and making the same magic signs he had seen the dog make, he threw the limb on the ground. At once it became a deer and ran off into the forest. The Giant shot it and brought it

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

to his wife. He left it at the door; but when the elder sister came to get it, she found nothing but a dry limb.

“The Giant was very angry; for he thought:

“‘This fellow is making a fool of me with his magic.’

“But he did not know what to do. Then he remembered that he had brought the dog into the village; and he said to himself:

“‘I’ll go and claim it. My sister-in-law cannot refuse to give it to me, for she knows it is mine.’

“He hated the dog and had been only too willing to let the younger sister have it. But now, when he found it was a better hunter than himself, he wanted to have it to make it hunt for him; and when he found it was a better magician than himself, he wished to have it so that he might learn from it its magic. So he went to the younger sister and said:

“‘Sister-in-law, you have had my dog for quite a long while. He is a very good hunting dog and I should like to have him back now.’

“‘Yes,’ said the younger sister, ‘he is a very good hunting dog. He is also a very kind little animal and I like him. But he is your dog; and

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

since you want him back, why, of course you must have him.'

"But the dog had seen the Giant go into the wigwam of the younger sister, and he suspected what he had come for; so he ran off and hid. The Giant hunted for him everywhere and called him; but he could not find him. This made him very angry and he went back to the wigwam of the younger sister and said:

" 'Sister-in-law, you have stolen my dog, and you have hidden him away because he brings you game every day.'

" 'It is true he brings me game every day,' said the younger sister; 'but I have not stolen your dog, and I do not know where he is.'

" 'Then bring him to me when he comes back!' said the Giant.

" 'I am neither your wife nor your servant,' said the younger sister, who was now quite angry; 'so, if you want your dog you will have to come after him yourself.'

"The Giant went off home without saying another word and scolded his wife for having such a sister.

" 'What's the matter with my sister?' said his wife, who didn't like to hear her family run down, even by her husband. ✓

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

“ ‘ Why, she’s stolen my dog and hidden it, and she won’t give it up,’ said the Giant.

“ ‘ What, that miserable little humpbacked cur!’ exclaimed the elder sister, laughing scornfully. ‘ Nobody with common sense would steal a dog like that!’

“ ‘ He isn’t much to look at,’ admitted the Giant; ‘ but he’s the greatest hunting dog in all the world. Not only does he go off by himself and catch animals; but he picks the youngest, fattest and tenderest, which he always knows where to find. Every day he brings the finest game to your sister; and now that she knows what a valuable dog he is, she does not want to give him back, and she has hidden him.’

“ The elder sister was very stingy. So, when she heard what a valuable animal the dog was, she said:

“ ‘ I’ll go at once and see my sister. She certainly is not going to keep our dog, even if he is only a little humpback. He is ours, and I am going to see that he comes back to us.’

“ So off she went to her sister’s wigwam and began to abuse her, without giving her time to speak.

“ ‘ You send our dog back at once, you mean, sneaky thing!’ she exclaimed. ‘ You have been

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

keeping the fine, young, tender game it has caught when you knew very well it belonged to us.'

" 'I'm not your dog-keeper,' said the younger sister, in a rage. 'Go and hunt your own dog!'

" 'You have hidden it; my husband says you have!' exclaimed the elder sister, still more angry.

" 'Your husband's as truthful as you are,' retorted the younger sister. 'I have not hidden your dog.'

" 'Then where is he?'

" 'How should I know? If he is as clever an animal as your husband says he is, he ought to be able to answer for himself.'

" 'I will not stay here any longer to be insulted!' cried the elder sister in a very great rage; and she ran out of the wigwam.

" The dog, who had been listening to the conversation, ran in front of her; and she fell over him and went sprawling down the hill.

" 'I knew you had the dog hidden!' she shouted back to her sister. 'I shall pull the rope tight over my door at night, so that you can't steal anything else.'

" Then she ran home and told her husband all that had happened.

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

“ ‘I shall go at once and see my father,’ she said, ‘and have him, as the High Chief of the village, punish her as all thieves are punished.’

“ ‘No,’ said the Giant, ‘don’t let us do that. This is a family matter, and we do not want all the tribe to know it. Let us tell it about the village that your sister has a dog that has an evil spirit; and she will soon be glad to give it up.’

“ To this plan the wife agreed; and she at once went out and whispered to a neighbor’s wife, in confidence, that her sister’s dog acted very queerly. The neighbor’s wife passed the story to another woman, in confidence, that the High Chief’s younger daughter had a dog that went about with evil spirits. From one woman to another the story passed, in confidence, each adding a little to it, until finally every man, woman and child in the village had heard, in the strictest confidence, that the High Chief’s younger daughter kept an evil spirit in her wigwam in the form of an ugly humpbacked dog.

“ Of course every one began to watch the dog; and of course, too, they saw it do very strange things, which only a dog with an evil spirit could do. That they were sure of. So all the village became very much excited. Then the sachems, the wise men, went to the High Chief, and said:

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

“ ‘Great Chief, every one says your younger daughter has taken into her wigwam, secretly, a husband, who is nothing less than an evil spirit, in the form of a humpbacked dog.’

“The High Chief promised to see to the matter, as he was in duty bound to do, as head of the village; and when the sachems had gone, he called his younger daughter to him and told her what the people of the village were saying about her and the humpbacked dog.

“ ‘The dog is not mine, father,’ said the younger daughter. ‘It belongs to my sister’s husband. He brought it with him when he first came to the village. It is not an evil spirit. It is such a good dog that he wants to have it back to hunt for him. But the dog is afraid of him and hides whenever he comes to look for it.’

“ ‘Go home and bring the dog to the great council chamber to-morrow!’ said the High Chief.

“All the people were summoned to meet, the following day, in the great council chamber; and when they had come together, the High Chief heard what they had to say. Among them all there was not a man, woman or child who had not heard of the dog having done things no respectable dog ought to do. The women contended

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

that, as he went out to hunt every day and brought the tenderest game to the younger sister, he must be her husband, and an evil spirit who appeared in the village in the form of a dog; though who could say what form he assumed when alone with her in the wigwam?

"When all the people who cared to speak had spoken, the High Chief turned to his younger daughter and asked:

" 'Is this true what the people say of your dog?'

" 'It is not true,' she answered. 'He is a very good dog; so good a dog that I am sorry he is not mine.'

" 'Whose dog is he?' inquired the High Chief.

"And all the people, who were too polite to speak in the presence of the High Chief without his permission, asked with their eyes:

" 'Then whose dog is it?'

" 'It belongs to my sister's husband,' she answered. 'He brought it with him when he came into the village.'

"All the people looked at the Giant with curious eyes.

" 'Is this that my daughter says true, son-in-law?' inquired the High Chief.

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

“ ‘No, it is not my dog,’ answered the Giant. ‘It is true that it followed me into the village. But it is not my dog.’

“ ‘Then why did you come to my wigwam and claim it and say that it was yours; and abuse me because I did not want to go and hunt it for you and bring it to you?’ inquired the younger daughter.

“ ‘High Chief,’ said the Giant, ‘this is a very evil thing this woman is doing. I never went to her wigwam and asked her for this dog. She is trying to cover up her own wicked acts.’

“All the people looked at the younger daughter with very angry eyes; and she saw that they would believe nothing she said; so she held her tongue.

“ ‘All the old men will remain in the council chamber, and the young men and the women may go home!’ said the High Chief.

“After the young men and the women had gone, the old men smoked, in silence, the magic pipe which the Giant had brought along with him, because he thought it might help to kill the magic of the dog which he very much feared. From hand to hand they passed it, for every one knew that it was full of magic. And the hump-backed dog sat back on his haunches, watch-

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

ing them. When every one had smoked, the dog made a sign that he wanted to smoke too.

“The Giant, who was the last to smoke because he was the latest comer to the village, laughed and said:

“‘Who ever heard of a dog smoking in the great council chamber when the chiefs, the old men, are deliberating, are trying to decide a very serious question?’

“And he put the pipe back into his bag.

“But the High Chief said:

“‘I am an old man and I have never seen or heard of a dog smoking. If this dog can smoke, it ought to be a sign, it ought to be a proof, that he has an evil spirit. Son-in-law, pass the pipe to him!’

“Very unwillingly the Giant took the pipe out of the bag and handed it to the dog, who took it very gravely and put it in his mouth. As he puffed out great clouds of smoke, they at once turned into flocks of white pigeons, which flew out through the doorway of the council chamber and covered the village. Silently the dog smoked and no one spoke a word, they were so astonished, as they watched the flocks of snow-white pigeons flying out through the doorway.

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

“ Suddenly the smoke stopped and the pigeons ceased to fly out the doorway. And there, in the place of the dog, was a handsome young warrior, who smiled in a very friendly way, as he held the magic pipe in his hand.

“ ‘ High Chief,’ he said, ‘ and wise men of the village, I am Chácopee, whom people call the Giant-killer. That man there,’ and he pointed to the Giant, ‘ put me under his enchantment and turned me into a dog. He stole my magic bag and my pipe, and he brought me here, as you all have seen, in the form of a miserable cur, following at his heels. It is true that, in this form, I caught game and brought it to the younger daughter of the High Chief; because she was very kind to me, and I have always been a good hunter.’

“ The High Chief, who was himself a powerful magician, said, as he looked very sternly at the Giant:

“ ‘ You do not deserve to live with brave men. You shall become a miserable humpbacked cur yourself and live, for the rest of your life, as you have made this young warrior live.’ ✓

“ At once the Giant was changed into a humpbacked dog. He was so ashamed that he slunk out of the great council chamber with his tail be-

THE GRANDFATHER GIANT

tween his legs; for he had really become a miserable cur.

“As soon as the people learned what had taken place in the council chamber and saw the dog running through the village, they began to stone it; and they never stopped till they had stoned it to death. But when the dog died, there in its place was the body of a giant longer than the tallest tree in the forest. So big was it it took all the men, women and children in the village to haul it out to the edge of the forest; and it took them more than a day to dig a grave big and deep enough in which to bury it.

“Chácopee married the High Chief's younger daughter; and when the marriage festivities were over, he said to his wife:

“ ‘ Let us go and see my grandfather. What's the use of staying here? There are no more giants to kill.’ ”

VII

THE TALL ONE AND THE SHORT ONE

LITTLE PIERRE came into the Wigwam on stilts.

"Look, grandpa!" he cried. "I'm the big Grandfather Giant that Chácopee killed."

"You're a pretty lively dead giant!" laughed the Factor.

"He looks like the Tall One the Crane wanted to marry," said Iagoo, smiling.

"That sounds like a story," said Pierre.

"Yes, it sounds like a story," agreed Iagoo.

"Who was the Tall One and why did the Crane want to marry her?" inquired Pierre.

"Why, that's the story," said Iagoo.

"Then tell us the story of the Tall One and the Crane, good Iagoo," pleaded the boy, getting down from his stilts in his eagerness.

"Neither of them lost his legs like you," said Iagoo teasingly.

"And neither of them, had he lost his legs,

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

could have got them back again as I can," said the boy, hopping nimbly back on to his stilts.

"The child has the best of you, Iagoo," said Baptiste. "You will have to tell him the story to save your face."

"This is the story of the Tall One and the Short One," said Iagoo gravely.

"Who was the Short One?" asked the boy, getting down from his stilts again.

"Why, you are now," answered Iagoo, laughing. "But little boys who want to hear stories should listen and not ask questions."

"I'll listen and I won't ask questions," promised the boy, taking a seat upon his stilts.

"You're like the Crane now; you're sitting on your own stilts," said Iagoo. "So be a good attentive Crane and listen to the story:

"Once upon a time there lived two sisters in a village on the shore of a great lake. The younger sister was very tall and very beautiful; and the elder sister was short and plump; so every one called them the Short One and the Tall One.

"In the same village lived two brothers who were very good hunters. They were in love with the Tall One, who liked them both so well that she was not able to make up her mind which she wanted to marry. The brothers were the best of

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

friends; they hunted together and shared the same lodge, for their parents were dead; but every morning, as regularly as the day came round, they fought for the fair maiden. As soon as they got up in the morning, the one would say to the other, 'I'm going to make the Tall One my wife.' The other brother would say, 'No, I'm going to make the Tall One *my* wife.'

"Whereupon they fought until one cried 'enough.' Then the other one went and asked the Tall One to become his wife. She always answered:

" 'No, I'm not yet ready to become a married woman and drudge for a man.'

"Sometimes it was the younger brother who won in the daily contest; sometimes it was the elder. But the Tall One always had the same answer, which she had given, at one time or another, to every unmarried man in the village. She liked the idea of having the young men make love to her better than being married to one of them.

"The women of the village hated the Tall One because the young men thought only of her; and they showed their displeasure by not speaking to her or noticing her whenever they met her. At first this amused the Tall One; then it made her

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

angry. After a while she began to hate the women of the village and the young men who continued to hang about her wigwam, even after she had told them one and all, not once but many times, that she did not want to see them again.

“One night the Tall One said to the Short One:

“ ‘Sister, I’m going away from here. I can’t stand this place any longer. The men are all stupid and the women are as jealous as cats.’

“ ‘Where are you going?’ inquired the Short One.

“ ‘Anywhere, provided it only takes me from here,’ said the Tall One.

“ ‘Then I will go with you,’ said the Short One.

“When the Moon was down and the night was at its darkest, the two sisters set out to see the world. They walked fast so as to be far from the village when the day came; for they were afraid the men, when they found they were gone, would follow them.

“In the morning they came upon a strange trail unlike any they had ever seen before. And the Tall One said:

“ ‘Let us follow this trail, for it surely must lead to some village.’

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

“ For a week or more they followed the trail over mountain and valley, over river and creek; and at the end of it they came to the Sun-land.

“ When they had come into the village of the Sun People, the Great Sun Chief called a meeting to see what should be done with these two Earth-women who had wandered into his land. And when all the warriors and wise men of the Sun-land had met in the council chamber, the Great Sun Chief inquired:

“ ‘ My warriors and wise men, I have called you together to say what shall be done with these two Earth-women who, unbidden, have come into our land.’

“ ‘ They are fair to look upon,’ said a young warrior. ‘ If they are not already married, give them to some of our chiefs who are in need of wives.’

“ ‘ Have you been married in your own country?’ inquired the Great Sun Chief.

“ ‘ No,’ answered both sisters.

“ ‘ You are both old enough to have been married several years ago,’ said the Great Sun Chief sternly; ‘ and as you are both fair to look upon, it cannot be that you lacked lovers. Why is it that you are still unmarried?’

“ The sisters looked at each other. They did

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

not like to tell why they had left their own village; and the Tall One had already begun to feel sorry that she had run away from a place where all the men had been so nice to her.

“ ‘Come, speak the truth!’ cried the Great Sun Chief in a very threatening voice, ‘for no unmarried women are allowed here.’

“ ‘The two sisters were very much frightened.

“ ‘Every one wanted to marry my sister,’ said the Short One hurriedly. ‘They were very angry when she couldn’t marry them all, and they fought with one another and made so much trouble that we ran away; for you see we were very much afraid.’

“ ‘Ugh!’ exclaimed the Great Sun Chief. ‘I have never before heard of a young girl running away from home because she had too many suitors. You haven’t bettered your lot by coming here, I can tell you. For here it is the duty of every young woman to get married.’

“ ‘Then, calling a very old and wrinkled man, he inquired, ‘Sun Wolf, how many wives have you?’

“ ‘Only two, Great Chief,’ said Sun Wolf.

“ ‘Would you like these two Earth-women?’

“ ‘They are fair to look upon.’

“ ‘If, in a month, they have not become the

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

wives of some of my unmarried warriors, then I shall give them to you,' said the Great Sun Chief.

" 'Tiger Face!' he cried, turning to a middle-aged warrior who seemed to be a man of distinction, 'give these two Earth-women a wigwam to themselves, where the young warriors may visit them for a month.'

" Tiger Face took the two sisters to a wigwam in the center of the Sun Village; and there he left them with the advice that they had better get married as soon as possible, so as not to run any danger of becoming the wives of old Sun Wolf, who was a very bad character.

" When the young Sun-warriors heard of the strange Earth-women whom the Great Sun Chief had ordered to get married within a month, they became very curious about them; and they came from far and near to see them. Some liked the Short One and some liked the Tall One, for tastes differ in the Sun-land. But every single unmarried man wanted one of them; and not a few stood ready to take the two. Yet, strange to say, there were more in the Sun-land who liked the Short One than the Tall One. ✓

" In the Sun-land all the warriors are born with the hot blood of the Great Sun himself. This the two sisters soon found out. Of the

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

scores of warriors who paid court to them, every one urged his suit with a passionate earnestness that they had never met with among men of the Earth-land. So much in earnest were they and so fierce they showed themselves, when the sisters asked time to think it over, as they did in each case, that the two Earth-women became fearful of their lives should they choose one each out of their many suitors.

“Instead of getting better, matters became worse from day to day, for more and more young men came from far distant parts of the Sun-land; and they one and all fell head over ears in love with the two sisters. Morning, noon and night, day after day, the young Sun-men fought one another for the right to the favors of the Earth-women. Such a great scandal as took place daily outside the wigwam of the two sisters had never been known before in all the Land of the Sun.

“Angry indeed was the Great Sun Chief; very angry indeed was he. But he thought, ‘Surely, with so many brave and handsome suitors, the two Earth-women must decide to-day or to-morrow who are to be their husbands. Then the others will go home and all this scandal will be over.’ This he said, day after day, for several days.

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

“The two sisters saw many handsome warriors whom they would gladly have married; but they were terribly afraid of the others; so they dare not make their choice. Always the Tall One said to the Short One:

“‘Let us wait till to-morrow!’

“And the Short One agreed, ‘Yes, let us wait till to-morrow!’

“As the days passed, the scandal in the Sun-village became worse and worse, and the Great Sun Chief angrier and angrier; for, whereas the young Sun-men had once been light-hearted and happy, and courteous to one another, they had all become sullen and gloomy; and they cast ugly glances at one another; and one warrior could scarcely pass another without daring him to battle for the right to claim either the Tall One or the Short One for his wife.

“Two weeks had passed and neither of the sisters had yet made her choice. Half the young Sun-men were already wounded; and daily and nightly quarrels now formed the chief occupation of the village.

“The Great Sun Chief sat thinking and thinking in his lodge. At last, toward evening, he sent for Tiger Face; and when he had come, he said to him:

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

“ ‘Tiger Face, bring the two Earth-women here to my wigwam.’

“ ‘Tiger Face went at once to the two sisters and said:

“ ‘The Great Sun Chief wants you to come at once to his wigwam.’

“ ‘When they had come to the wigwam of the Great Sun Chief he asked, in a very angry voice:

“ ‘What’s the meaning of all this scandal? Half my young men are already wounded and the others go about with scowling faces and hatred in their hearts. Why have you brought these wild passions into our peaceful Sun-land?’

“ ‘Great Chief,’ said the Tall One, ‘we are not to blame for all this trouble. We would gladly have made our choice of husbands from the many brave and handsome young men who have asked us to become their wives. But so fierce are the looks of all that we dare not choose one out of the many for fear of the anger of the others.’

“ ‘It is true,’ said the Great Sun Chief, ‘that we have been warned to have nothing to do with Earth-women because they are always making trouble between man and man. It was an unlucky day for us when you came among us. Blacker and blacker have become the hearts of our young men; and brother has turned against

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

brother and father against son. I fear that it is now too late to make a choice for, as you say, hatred is in the hearts of many. You must leave the Sun-land to-night. That is the only way to keep them from killing one another.'

"Then, turning to Tiger Face, he said:

" 'Tiger Face, when all are in their beds to-night, see that these two Earth-women leave the Land of the Sun. Accompany them on their journey until they are far upon their way.'

"That same night the sisters, accompanied by Tiger Face, set out upon their return journey to the Earth-land. Fast they traveled, for they were afraid their absence might be noticed; in which case they would certainly be followed. Only when the daylight had come did Tiger Face leave them. As they continued upon their way, he stood upon the border of the Sun-land and watched them; for the Tall One had a very warm place in his heart.

"Soon the two sisters came to the top of a high cliff. As far as the eye reached, it stretched to the right and to the left. No way could they see of reaching the earth below. For some time they searched up and down along the cliff. At last they came to a very tall pine tree that reached from the foot of the cliff to the top. So tall was

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

the tree that its head stood far above all the other trees of the forest.

“ ‘Come, sister,’ said the Tall One; ‘let us get into this tree and see if we can’t climb down it to the earth below.’

“ ‘You get into it first, sister,’ said the Short One; ‘and reach me your hand. I can’t get into it alone, for I’m too short.’

“The Tall One got into the pine tree and helped her sister in after her. Then they both began to climb down it, from limb to limb. They had not gone far, however, when they came to where the branches stopped; and from there to the ground was a long, bare trunk, still as long as the tallest of the other trees of the forest.

“When the two sisters saw that they could neither go back nor climb down the tree, they began to cry; and the King of the Wolverines, who was lying sunning himself on one of the branches, half asleep, woke up and inquired:

“ ‘What’s the matter down there?’

“The two sisters looked up and they saw the Wolverine lying stretched at full length along the branch and looking down at them with a great deal of interest.

“ ‘We can’t climb down the tree and we can’t go back,’ said the Tall One with a sob.

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

“ ‘ And we don’t know what to do,’ cried the Short One.

“ ‘ Well, you’re both rather pretty,’ said the Wolverine. ‘ If you’ll promise to marry me I’ll take you down.’

“ ‘ I’ll build you a wigwam,’ said the Tall One.

“ ‘ And I’ll help her,’ said the Short One.

“ ‘ That’s right,’ said the Wolverine. ‘ That’s what a woman is expected to do for her husband.

“ ‘ Come!’ he said to the Short One, ‘ climb on my back and put your arms around my neck.’

“ While the Wolverine was taking the Short One down the pine tree, the Tall One took off her hair-string and tangled it up in a branch; and when the Wolverine had come back and carried her down also, she said:

“ ‘ Good Wolverine, bring me my hair-string. It got tangled up in a branch of the tree. Be careful not to break it; for it is my lucky string. If it should get broken, I would lose all my luck.’

“ The Wolverine climbed the tree once more, and he easily found the hair-string; but he was a long time untying it, for the Tall One had put a charm upon it, so that it kept tangling itself up almost as fast as the Wolverine could untangle it.

“ In the meantime the two sisters built a wigwam for the Wolverine; and a very nice wigwam

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

it was, for they were very good workers. When they had finished it, they filled it with thistles and nettles; and they called upon their friends, the stinging ants, to build a nest in it.

“Just as they had everything ready, they heard the Wolverine coming down the tree and grumbling to himself about the trouble he had had in untangling the hair-string. So they ran off into the forest as fast as ever they could.

“When the Wolverine reached the ground, he looked around for the two sisters. His eye caught the wigwam they had built, and he was very much pleased with it; for it was indeed a handsome lodge.

“‘The women are inside,’ he thought. ‘I’ll go in and thank my new wives.’

“The Wolverine went into the wigwam. But scarcely had he entered when the thistles and the nettles began to sting him; and the ants crawled all over him and bit him. Out of the wigwam he ran in a terrible rage, determined to pay back the two sisters for the trick they had played him. Around the lodge he went, looking for their trail. He soon found it, for the women had run away in such a hurry they had not had time to cover it up.

“A very swift runner was the King of the Wolverines; and a very good nose had he for the

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

trail. So he gained on the two sisters, who were still running as fast as they could. Down, down, down the mountain side they ran, and across a broad valley, at the bottom of which was a wide river. So wide was it they could never hope to cross it.

“ ‘ Oh, sister, we are lost!’ cried the Short One. ‘ See how wide and swift the river is and how deep the water!’ ”

“ ‘ Don’t be afraid!’ said the Tall One. ‘ On the other side I see the Great Crane; and I shall have him carry us across.’ ”

“ The Tall One began to sing, in a very sweet voice:

“ ‘ Of all the birds
In the forest I know,
Of all that I see
Wherever I go,
The fairest is he
With his feathers so gay
And his beautiful legs
Like the dawn of the day.

“ ‘ As a ferryman he
Has no equal we see;
For no matter how wild
The waters may be,
Like a very brave chief
The danger he dares.

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

And naught reck's he
That danger it be;
Nor ever he cares
For the bravest is he
Of the birds that be
On land or sea;
Of the birds that be
On land or sea.'

"As the Tall One began to sing, the Crane stretched his long neck up and listened with an expression of very great satisfaction on his grave face. Nodding his head, he kept time to the music; and when the song concluded with the refrain:

" 'For the bravest is he
Of the birds that be
On land or sea;
Of the birds that be
On land or sea,'

he put on a look of very great wisdom, stretched himself up proudly and stately, and stepped deliberately into the boiling waters of the swollen river. From above his great legs, as long as tree-trunks, he looked calmly down at the torrent, rushing, roaring onward, as though it were determined to sweep him off his feet.

" 'What beautiful legs he has!' exclaimed the

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

Tall One, loud enough so that the Crane could hear, as he stepped proudly out of the water on the other shore.

“ ‘How gracefully he curves his neck and how stately he carries his head!’ cried the Short One.

“ ‘The Crane arched his neck still more and carried his head still prouder.

“ ‘Can I be of service to you?’ he asked, looking admiringly at the Tall One.

“ ‘We would like to cross the river,’ said both the sisters at once.

“ ‘Nothing easier,’ said the Crane carelessly, as though crossing swollen, rushing rivers were the most common thing in the world. ‘Climb on my back, and I’ll take you across. But be careful to hang on tight, for the weather’s a little bit nasty.’

“ ‘The Tall One climbed up in front and let her long legs hang down on each side of the Crane’s neck, while she found a nice soft seat between the tops of his wings. The Short One climbed up behind and hung on to her sister.

“ ‘Proudly the Crane forded the swollen river and every time he moved he put his best foot forward. Very slowly and deliberately he walked; and all the time he kept squinting out of one eye at the Tall One. He wanted her to see he could

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

be dignified on all occasions. He was sorry she couldn't have a look at his nicely painted legs; for the water came up over his garters.

"When they were safely on the opposite shore, the Tall One thanked the Crane, saying:

" 'Is there anything I can do to repay you for your kindness?'

" 'You can do me a very great favor,' said the Crane. 'You can marry me.'

" 'I'm quite sure you'd make a very fine husband,' said the Tall One; 'and I'm sorry I can't marry you; but my sister and myself have just built a wigwam for the King of the Wolverines.'

" 'What a pity!' exclaimed the Crane. 'Think of you tied to that bandy-legged sneak! Why, you ought to be married to me. Just think what a fine pair we'd make!'

"And he looked admiringly at the Tall One's long legs.

" 'But *you* can do me a favor,' said the Tall One.

" 'It's already granted,' said the Crane, with a graceful sweep of his long neck that was intended for a bow.

" 'I see our husband is on the other side of the river, waiting to be ferried across. He's very

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

nervous and much afraid of the water. So you'd better not bring him across very fast.'

"The Crane nodded.

" 'I understand,' he said. 'I'll see to it that he isn't brought over so swiftly as to spoil his nerves.'

" 'Hurry up, old crooked legs!' shouted the King of the Wolverines from the opposite shore. 'I'm in a hurry to get across; for I have to look after my wives.'

" 'Good-by and take the best of care of our husband!' said the sisters, as they began to run on up the hill.

"Very slowly and deliberately the Crane waded across the swollen river; and the King of the Wolverines fretted and fumed on the farther shore.

" 'Hurry up, you old poke!' he shouted, in a terrible rage. 'Next year'll be here before you get across.'

"Slower than ever went the Crane, for his dignity was hurt. He wondered how such a nice girl as the one with the long legs could ever have married such a crooked-legged, ill-tempered old fellow as the King of the Wolverines.

" 'Well, here you are at last!' exclaimed the Wolverine, fairly boiling with rage. 'I thought

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

you'd die on the way over. A snail could run a race with you and easily beat you too.'

" 'It's very bad weather for traveling,' said the Crane. 'I thought I'd never get across.'

" 'A nice ferryman you, to be afraid of the water!' said the Wolverine, with a sneer. 'But now that you have actually got here at last, I hope you'll make better time going back.'

" 'I'll do my best,' said the Crane, as the Wolverine climbed on his back. 'You'd better hang on tight, so that you don't fall off.'

" 'Who's afraid?' exclaimed the Wolverine impatiently. 'Move your lazy legs; for I must catch up with my wives.'

" Just as they reached the middle of the stream, the Wolverine spied the two sisters running together toward the top of the hill, and he shouted:

" 'I see you! I see you! I'll soon have you now!'

" The Crane bent his long neck downward to the water and humped up his back, and the Wolverine shot over his head into the rushing current; and was carried, crying loudly for help, around a bend in the river.

" The Crane chuckled to himself.

" 'I rather think the Tall One would like to

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

see that,' he said. 'What beautiful long legs she has!'

"As the Wolverine swept around the bend in the river, he drifted against a floating tree. He climbed up on to the trunk, wet and shivering from the cold. In a little while the tree drifted against the bank; and the Wolverine sprang ashore. So angry was he at the trick the Crane had played him that the memory of it made him run faster than ever, for he thought:

" 'That tall wife of mine must have put that long-legged fellow up to this; for he hasn't brains enough to think out anything for himself.'

"Soon the two sisters could hear the angry cry of the Wolverine, and they knew that he had already crossed the river and was once more on their trail. As they neared the top of the hill, the Short One, completely out of breath, cried:

" 'Sister, I cannot go any farther. Run on and leave me!'

"But the Tall One said:

" 'No, no, sister! Let us run on a little farther; for we must soon come to a village where the King of the Wolverines dare not go. Courage, sister, courage!'

"She took her sister by the hand, and together

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

they ran on. But soon the Short One stopped, this time completely out of breath, and said:

“ ‘ I can’t go any farther, sister. Save yourself!’

“ The Tall One saw that what her sister said was quite true; and she was at her wit’s end to know what to do.

“ At that moment a crow flew out of a lone pine tree, the branches of which reached almost to the ground.

“ ‘ Come, sister, let us run to that tree the crow has just left. You can easily crawl up into it, and I will run on. The King of the Wolverines, who is racing with his nose to the ground, like a dog, will follow my trail, and you will be safe.’

“ ‘ But he will catch you, sister,’ said the Short One.

“ ‘ Well, if he does, he’ll find he has caught something worse than nettles and stinging ants,’ said the Tall One, laughing.

“ The two sisters ran to the pine tree; and the Tall One helped the Short One into the lower branches. Then swiftly she ran on up the hill, for she was a very fast runner.

“ A week after the two sisters had left their home, the two brothers still sat in the wigwam, as

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

they had done every day for the entire week, nursing their sorrow. The elder brother said:

“ ‘ In all the land there is no woman more beautiful than the Tall One.’

“ And the younger brother said:

“ ‘ In all the land there is no woman so kind as the Short One.’

“ When two weeks had passed and the two sisters had not returned to their home, the elder brother said to the younger brother:

“ ‘ The village is very lonely and sad without the Tall One.’

“ And the younger brother answered:

“ ‘ Yes, and all the kindness went out of the village with the Short One.’

“ ‘ Let us go and find them,’ said the elder brother.

“ ‘ Yes, let us go and find them,’ agreed the younger brother.

“ The following morning the two brothers set out to find the sisters. For a week they journeyed over mountain and valley, over river and stream; but nowhere could they find any trace of them. Then said the elder brother to the younger brother:

“ ‘ Let us take different ways, and let us come

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

together, after a while, over there by the mountains where the Sun goes down.'

" 'Yes, let us do that,' agreed the younger brother.

" So they traveled in different directions toward the Land-where-the-Sun-goes-down.

" One evening, as the elder brother was about to descend into a great valley, he heard the cry of a wolverine, long and low; and he thought:

" 'That's surely the old King of the Wolverines. He's up to some of his tricks again; one may be sure of that. I'll just go and see what he's doing.'

" So off he started into the valley. He had not gone far before he met the Tall One running swiftly toward him. Right into his arms she ran before she noticed where she was going. And right then and there the elder brother said:

" 'Will you marry me?'

" And the Tall One answered:

" 'I will; for now I know it is not good for a woman to be without a husband.'

" Up the hill came the King of the Wolverines, his nose to the ground, scenting the trail. He looked up as he neared the top, and when he saw the elder brother, he stopped at what he thought a safe distance and said:



“He drew an arrow from its quiver and placed it in his bow.” Page 163.

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and addresses of the members of the committee.

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

“ ‘ You have my wife. She ran away from me, and I have come to bring her back.’

“ ‘ I’m not your wife,’ said the Tall One.

“ ‘ Yes, you are,’ said the Wolverine. ‘ You built a lodge for me.’

“ ‘ She’s going to build a lodge for me now,’ said the elder brother.

“ ‘ But she’s my wife, and I’m going to have her!’ threatened the Wolverine.

“ ‘ Come and take her,’ said the elder brother.

“ He drew an arrow from its quiver and placed it in his bow. At the same time the Tall One reached over and seized his war club.

“ ‘ Come to think of it,’ said the Wolverine, ‘ I believe I’m better without her; for she puts nettles, thistles and stinging ants in my bed.’

“ ‘ That’s pretty bad,’ said the elder brother.

“ ‘ Yes, it is,’ said the Wolverine, as he scratched his leg where an ant was biting him. ‘ I wish you joy with her!’

“ He turned and galloped off toward the foot of the valley and was soon lost in the forest.

“ ‘ Where have you been all these weeks?’ inquired the elder brother of the Tall One.

“ ‘ That’s a long story,’ she answered. ‘ Let us go and get my sister out of the pine tree.’

“ Off they started down the valley; and they

THE TALL ONE AND SHORT ONE

soon came to the pine tree. But there was the younger brother before them. He was so busy helping the Short One down from the tree that he did not notice them. As they came up, he was saying:

“ ‘ Will you marry me now? ’

“ And the Short One answered:

“ ‘ Yes, I will; for now I know it is not good for a woman to be without a husband. ’ ”

VIII

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

“ONE meets with strange things in the wood,” said Baptiste. “All the old people know this, they who lived here when the forests were real forests, in the days before the white man came to let the light into the gloomy lairs of the witches and evil spirits. Most of them are already gone, for they cannot bear the light; and there are not many places now that the priest has not blessed. But in the olden days it was not so. There are still great stretches of country in the Far West and in the cold north where the enchanters live and fear not the axe of the woodman or the sign of the blessed cross.”

“You have heard many stories of the Supernatural People, Baptiste,” said the Factor.

“Yes,” answered Baptiste. “In the olden days there were many Supernatural People. Some of them were good; but most of them were bad, and they troubled the Indians very much. Often they took possession of a spot and would allow no one to enter it or come near it. Though

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

they have been driven out of many of their dwelling places, yet so dreadful were they when they did live there that most of the Indians avoid the places once frequented by Supernatural People. Some are doubtful if they are gone. Others say: 'Who knows but they may return suddenly?'

"Will you not tell us one of these stories of the Supernatural People?" said the Lawyer.

"I was thinking of one," answered Baptiste, "of a story of a very great witch."

"Yes, tell us the story of the very great witch!" cried every one together.

This is the story that Baptiste told:

I

"Away back in the days of our ancestors, ten brothers lived on the banks of a river with an old uncle who had once been a very great chief. But so old was he that he no longer left the wigwam. In summer all day he sat in the sunshine in front of the lodge; and all the winter through, by a great fire inside, where, as the brothers gathered around him, he told them stories of the wonderful beings who haunt the lakes, the rivers, the hills and the regions deep down within the earth. Always, when he had finished each story, he added: 'Be careful, nephews, they don't catch you!'

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

“ And always the brothers answered, ‘ We’ll be careful, uncle.’

“ Only two of the brothers were old enough to go into the forest to hunt. So the other eight remained at home and played around the wigwam, swam and dived in the river and ventured far out on the great Beaver Dam that, spanning the Beaver Meadow at its narrowest part, made it into a lake. But they never ventured to cross it; for on the other side of the river was the home of the Old Witch, who ran faster than the wind, groaned louder than the sound of the ice-break in spring and shrieked shriller and more powerfully than the storm winds.

“ The winter came—a cold, hard winter; and all the animals hid in their hiding places; so that the two brothers hunting in the great forest could find scarcely a living thing. Each day they went farther up the river, through the forest or on the mountains. When they left the wigwam each morning, the old hunter, sitting huddled up in his buffalo robe by the fire burning warm and bright within, said:

“ ‘ Be careful, nephews, not to go into the land of the Old Witch, beyond the Beaver Dam.’

“ And the nephews always answered, ‘ We’ll be careful, uncle.’

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

“ A whole week had passed, and the two brothers had not brought anything home with them from their hunt. In the wigwam there was nothing but an otter-skin full of beechnuts which the younger boys had taken from a squirrel’s nest in a hollow tree.

“ The elder brothers said, ‘ There is no game in the forest. Let us go and cut a hole in the ice; for there certainly must be fish in the river.’

“ They took their stone axes and went to the river and began cutting a hole in the ice through which to catch the fish. But the ice was very thick, and the winds swept down upon the river and froze up the opening as fast as they made it. Soon their stone axes were like great balls of ice. Tired and half-dead with the cold, the two brothers returned to the wigwam empty-handed; and that night they had only beechnuts for supper.

“ The following morning the elder brother said:

“ ‘ It is too cold and the ice is too thick to fish in the river. Let us go into the forest again and see if to-day we don’t have better luck.’

“ The old uncle, wrapped up in his buffalo robe by the fire, said:

“ ‘ Yes, do, nephews. But be careful not to go

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

into the land of the Old Witch beyond the great Beaver Dam!'

"And the nephews answered, 'We'll be careful, uncle.'

"All day they tramped through the forest without finding even the track of an animal. When the sun was already low in the sky, the elder brother said:

" 'Let us go home; it is getting late.'

"They had gone but a little way upon the home trail when they came upon the track of an animal in the fresh-fallen snow. It was like no track they had ever seen before. The younger brother examined it and said:

" 'A rabbit has passed here.'

"The elder brother examined it very carefully and said:

" 'No, it is not a rabbit track. It is too big for that. It is too big for a bear track.'

" 'Yes, brother; it is a rabbit track,' insisted the younger brother. 'Look at it. There is no other track that is just like that of a rabbit. See, here are the marks of his hind legs where they rested on the snow; and here is the impression of his stub tail. There is no doubt about it, brother. It is the track of a rabbit. True, it must be a very large rabbit. But it is certainly a rabbit.'

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

Perhaps it is the Big Chief of all the Rabbits.'

" 'Then we'd better be very careful,' said the elder brother.

" 'Who's afraid of a rabbit, however large he may be?' laughed the younger brother. 'Let us follow his trail. The bigger he is, the more eating he will make.'

"They followed the trail of the big rabbit. Through the forest it led them straight toward their own wigwam. As they came in sight of it, the blue smoke was curling upward through the smoke-hole like the deep haze of the mountains in autumn. The younger brother, laughing, said:

" 'We will find the Big Chief of all the Rabbits toasting his shins by our own fire when we get to the wigwam.'

"Scarcely had he said this when the rabbit trail turned sharply to the left, directly across the ice-covered Beaver Meadow.

"The brothers followed the trail and it led them to the river bank at the head of the great Beaver Dam.

" 'You see I was right,' said the elder brother. 'It is no rabbit we have been following, but the Big Chief of the Beavers. He is a great wizard.

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

He has changed himself into a rabbit and led us on this wild-goose chase. He is now safe in his home under the ice, laughing to himself to think what fools we were to follow him.'

" 'I don't believe it,' said the younger brother, who had very good eyes; 'for the trail leads straight across the river. And look, look! There is the Great Chief of the Rabbits himself!'

" A great rabbit as large as a bear, and so white that only the sharpest eyes could make him out against the broad field of snow, sat upon the opposite bank of the river. He did not seem to be the least afraid. He looked at the two hunters with very great interest. As they ran toward him, he hopped off across the open country toward the hills. Just out of the reach of their arrows he kept, as he hopped along, looking behind him every now and then. Suddenly he disappeared; and the brothers, following hot on his trail, came to an opening in the rocky side of the mountain. In they went after him, without hesitating for a moment. But scarcely were they inside when the mouth of the opening closed like a clap of thunder; and a mighty wind rushed through the cave, throwing them upon their faces and tearing their weapons from their hands. All was as dark as night about them.

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

“When the wind had passed they got up and, taking one another by the hand, groped their way along by feeling the rough wall. They had gone but a short distance when they heard a faint sound of singing; and as they continued the singing grew louder, and a faint light like that of a pine torch in the distance appeared through the darkness. Toward this they crept; and by and by they came out into a room so large its farther end was lost in the blackness. In the center of this room was a big fire of logs, round which were dancing and singing, whistling and shouting many strange people, every one of whom had a pine torch in his hand.

“‘What is it?’ inquired the younger brother.

“‘It must be the Supernatural People,’ said the elder brother.

“Even as they spoke, the music ceased; and all the dancers stopped dancing and began talking excitedly and waving their pine torches in the air and shouting in very loud voices:

“‘Some one from the Earth-world has come into our Under-world. Where is he?’

“‘Ha, ha, ha!’ cried a second voice, this time behind the brothers. ‘Here he is! Here he is!’

“As they turned to see from whence the voice came, they found themselves face to face with the

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

Great Chief of the Rabbits, who had grown so tall he almost filled up the black mouth of the cave.

“ With a cry of rage, the Supernatural People rushed upon them; and at the same moment the rabbit changed himself into the Old Witch, threatening, terrible. As the two hunters tried to escape from her, they ran into the Supernatural People, who seized them and dragged them into the cave and up to the log fire.

“ ‘ What shall we do with these intruders?’ inquired one who seemed to be the leader.

“ ‘ You shall do nothing with them!’ cried the Old Witch. ‘ They are mine, and I intend to eat them. They are very brave hunters who always follow a trail when they find it, and never give up. Though sometimes they cannot agree among themselves what it is that they are following;’ and she laughed, ‘ Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!’ at her own joke, in such a gleeful, unearthly, evil voice that the hunters, brave though they were, were very much afraid.

“ The Old Witch seized the elder brother and held him close to the light of the fire while she examined him carefully.

“ ‘ Pshaw!’ she exclaimed. ‘ He’s nothing but skin and bone!’

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

“ She grabbed the other brother and examined him in the same manner.

“ ‘ Why, he’s worse than the other!’ she cried, in a rage. ‘ Take them away and fatten them!’

II

“ When three days had passed and the two elder brothers had not returned to the wigwam, the third brother said:

“ ‘ I am afraid that something has happened to my brothers; and I am going to find them.’

“ The old uncle, sitting wrapped up in his buffalo robe by the fire, said:

“ ‘ Be careful, nephew, not to go into the Land of the Old Witch, on the other side of the Beaver Dam.’

“ And the third brother answered, ‘ I’ll be careful, uncle.’

“ Three days had passed and the third brother had not returned to the wigwam; then said the fourth brother:

“ ‘ I am afraid my three brothers are lost, and I’m going to find them.’

“ The old uncle, sitting wrapped up in his buffalo robe by the fire, said:

“ ‘ Be careful, nephew, not to go into the Land

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

of the Old Witch, on the other side of the Beaver Dam.'

"And the fourth brother answered, 'I'll be careful, uncle.'

"The fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth brothers all went, one after another, to look for their lost brothers; and none of them returned to the wigwam. Then the youngest brother said:

"'I am certain that something has happened to my brothers and I am going to find out what it is.'

"The old uncle, sitting wrapped up in his buffalo robe by the fire, said:

"'No, no, nephew; your nine brothers have all gone out into the wood; and none of them has come back. Two of them were men and the others were able to take care of themselves; but you are a child and do not know the ways of the forest. If you go to hunt for your brothers, harm will surely come to you, and then I shall be all alone in the world.'

"But the boy said:

"'Uncle, I must go. Last night, in my sleep, I heard my nine brothers calling to me from afar off. They are in trouble, and I alone am left to help them.'

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

"The old uncle rose from the fire, took off his buffalo robe slowly and said:

" 'If the spirits call, you must do as they say. Nephew, we shall go together to find your brothers.'

"The snow was falling gently, in great soft flakes, when the old uncle and his nephew set out to find the lost nine brothers. All morning they journeyed lightly on their snowshoes over the soft snow. At midday, just as they reached the foothills, they came upon the rabbit track.

" 'Some animal has passed here very recently,' said the old uncle. 'If it were not that the tracks are so big and have sunk so deep in the snow, they would be already covered up. But what animal it is I cannot tell.'

" 'It is the only sign of life, uncle, we have met with since we left home,' said the boy. 'Let us follow it!'

"The old man shook his head.

" 'This is no natural trail,' he said. 'It is like the track of a rabbit; but it is big enough to have been made by the foot of a bear. It is the work of some powerful enchanter, I fear.'

" 'Uncle,' said the boy, 'whether it be enchanted or not, we must follow this trail, for at the end of it I hear my brothers calling

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

to me. At the end of this trail we shall find them.'

" 'If the voices call, then we must go,' said the old man.

" They followed the trail backward toward home. When they came in sight of the wigwam where it turned off across the ice-covered prairie land, the snow began to move upward in front of them, in spinning circles like a whirlwind. As they watched it, out of it came puffing and blowing a funny little man dressed in a suit of soft fur very much like the skin of a beaver. He began to brush the earth from his pretty, mole-colored suit.

" 'I see I'm just in time,' he said. 'When I saw the Old Witch going out, I knew she'd be making her track again. So I started to burrow up through the earth. It's pretty difficult work, I can tell you, this cold weather, when everything is frozen as hard as rock. But here I am, as I have already said, just in time to prevent you from following her track which would take you to her den.'

" The old uncle said, 'We are glad to meet you, Mr. —'

" 'I'm the Mole Man,' said the little fellow quickly.

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

“ ‘ Mr. Mole Man,’ said the boy earnestly, ‘ we must follow this trail; for at the end of it we shall find my nine brothers.’

“ ‘ That’s just what we must not do,’ said the Mole Man sharply. ‘ The Old Witch is lying in wait for you at the end of this trail. No good warrior runs his head into the ambush of the enemy, if he knows it. If you expect to see your brothers again, you will have to set a trap for the Old Witch, and not run your foot into hers.’

“ ‘ That’s sensible,’ nodded the old uncle. ‘ Come with us to our wigwam, which you see on the river bank yonder, and pass the night with us. Perhaps you can find some way to get my nephews out of the power of the Old Witch.’

“ When they reached the wigwam, the Mole Man took from his back a knapsack of dressed deer-skin; and remarked, as he opened it:

“ ‘ I always carry provisions with me when I go away from home; for I never know when I may get back again. So, as I am to have shelter in your wigwam, I hope you’ll let me supply the provisions.’

“ As there were only beechnuts and very few of those in the lodge, the old hunter said:

“ ‘ The will of a stranger guest is always law to his host. But I fear you have not provisions

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

enough in that bag for three such hungry persons as we.'

"The Mole Man laughed, as he spread out to view pemmican, roast goose, prepared bear's meat and other good things.

"The nephew and the old uncle ate as they had never eaten before, and the Mole Man ate with them. But the more they ate, the more there was in the magic bag of the Mole Man.

"And while they were eating and talking, the night set in, and the falling snow blew into a storm; and the Night Wind raged as though it would tear the lodge down.

" 'My brother, Big Head, is at his old trick again,' said the Mole Man. 'He just loves to go riding on the wind, especially when it is tearing along as it is now.'

" 'Why not invite him to come in and stay for the night?' said the old uncle politely.

" 'It wouldn't be any use,' replied the Mole Man. 'He never accepts invitations. He is too fond of riding the wild winds and sunning himself on the sunny side of the clouds.'

" 'Well, I suppose there's no use trying to get him to come in,' said the old man.

" 'I might trick him into coming here,' said the Mole Man; 'but he certainly will never come

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

here of his own accord. If you like, we can go out and try.'

" 'Yes, let us go and try,' said the youngest brother eagerly. 'I should very much like to see him who rides on the winds and suns himself on the sunny side of the clouds.'

"The Mole Man took his bow and his arrows and went out of the wigwam; and the youngest brother followed him. The wind had stopped blowing; and the silver face of the Moon showed full and round through great rifts in the dark night clouds; and wherever she looked, the land was all covered with soft, dreamy light.

"The Mole Man laughed and chuckled to himself.

" 'My brother has gone off to rest after his wild ride on the winds,' he said. 'That's the way he always does. We'll probably find him up yonder on the mountain side; or it may be he is still sailing about on some lazy cloud.'

"They went on toward the mountains; and when they reached the foothills they began to climb a great, projecting rock. All at once a deep voice like the boom of thunder cried out:

" 'I see you! I see you!'

"The Mole Man and the younger brother looked upward in the direction from which the

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

voice came, and they saw the Wind Man resting lazily on a great, soft, fleecy cloud, floating so slowly it seemed scarcely moving.

“The Mole Man took an arrow from his quiver, fitted it to his tiny bow and fired upward in the direction of the cloud. And upward went the arrow, up, up, up, until it struck the edge of the fleecy white cloud, right under the very face of the silver Moon. Then it returned to the Mole Man.

“In a moment the cloud began to move backward, rapidly as though the Great Winds, the Cloud-pushers, were driving it.

“At once the Wind Man sprang up, his face black with rage, and tried to stop it.

“‘Let us run!’ said the Mole Man. He laughed with a low, chuckling sound like the gurgling of waters.

“After they had run some distance, they looked backward and saw that the Wind Man had reined in the cloud and, standing straight up on it, was driving it forward at great speed.

“The Mole Man took his magic arrow from its quiver again and shot it upward; and once more it struck the cloud, drove it backward with great speed, and then returned to the archer, who replaced it in the quiver and ran on toward the

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

wigwam, chuckling to himself in the greatest glee; while the Wind Man, shouting and calling the cloud all the bad names he could think of, and they were not a few, did his best to get it under control again.

“ In this way they continued their return journey toward the wigwam.

“ Whenever the Wind Man succeeded in reining in the cloud and driving it near to them, the Mole Man shot his magic arrow and the cloud went flying backward. At last they reached the wigwam just as the Wind Man, on his cloud-racer, was close upon them. In a rage he jumped down from the cloud and rushed in after them through the doorway, blustering and blowing like a wintry storm. But when he saw his little brother, the Wind Man burst out laughing, in his great, thundering voice, which was so loud it made the walls of the wigwam shake as though they had been beaten by the tempest.

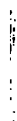
“ ‘ Ho, ho, ho! it is you,’ he cried. ‘ I might have known you were at your old tricks again.’

“ ‘ You must be hungry, brother,’ said the Mole Man, ‘ after your wild ride and the trouble with that balky horse of yours. Won’t you sit by the fire and have something to eat?’

“ The Wind Man laughed again so heartily



“The Wind Man, on his cloud-racer, was close upon them.” *Page 182.*



THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

and so good-naturedly that the old uncle, the nephew and the Mole Man laughed, too. And so they were all three at once in the best of good humor.

“‘You know very well, brother,’ said the Wind Man, ‘that I am always willing to eat from your magic game-bag.’

“‘They sat down around the fire; and the Mole Man took from his game-bag the most wonderful things to eat; and he served his brother, who ate and ate until he swelled out like a full round moon.

“‘Brother, to what do I owe this good meal?’ inquired the Wind Man of the Mole Man.

“‘Why,’ said the little man, with another chuckle, ‘I just love to see you manage that balky horse of yours.’

“‘The Wind Man couldn’t help laughing as he thought of his wild ride on the unmanageable cloud.

“‘It was a good joke,’ he said; ‘but you might as well have had it on the other side of the mountains. What is your real reason for bringing me here?’

“‘An old man who has seen much of the world and a young man who has seen very little of it heard that the Wind Man was riding on the

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

storm winds, and they sent him, through his brother, an invitation to come in out of the cold and spend the night with them.'

" 'I see,' said the Wind Man. 'So you sent the invitation?'

" 'I did,' chuckled the Mole Man. 'My brother was in a hurry to accept it, as I knew he would be.'

" 'I thank the old man and the young man for their hospitality,' said the Wind Man. 'Is there anything I can do in return for it?'

" 'The youngest brother spoke up eagerly. 'We have lost my nine brothers. Perhaps you can tell us what has become of them; for they all say the Wind Man, from his high seat on the clouds and the winds, sees all that goes on in the earth below.'

" 'Your nine brothers are in the Land of the Supernatural People. Like stupid animals who always take the same trail in winter, they followed the trail of the Old Witch, one after another; and not one of them had sense enough to see that it was an enchanted trail. Like the hunting dog, each followed his own nose; and it led him into trouble.'

" 'Brother, you'll help us find them, will you not?' asked the Mole Man.

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

“ ‘ I will,’ said the Wind Man. ‘ I owe the Old Witch a grudge, anyway; for she’s always stealing rides on my winds, when I’m not looking. I wouldn’t mind that so much, if she didn’t ride them to death.’

“ ‘ Come, brother, don’t be angry,’ pleaded the Mole Man.

“ ‘ Who’s angry?’ said the Wind Man. ‘ When I get angry in real earnest people generally know it.’

“ ‘ Well I should say they do,’ said the Mole Man soothingly.

“ The Wind Man smiled broadly; for like most boasters it pleased him to have his vanity tickled.

“ The Winds began to blow so fiercely they shook the wigwam as though they intended to tear it down or blow it into the river. And out of the night came shrieks, whistling and laughter.

“ ‘ The Old Witch is at her tricks again,’ said the Wind Man. ‘ She is out stealing a ride on one of my winds; and she’ll not be back home till morning. Let us go and find the lost brothers while she is out!’

“ The Wind Man, the Mole Man and the youngest brother left the old uncle wrapped up in his buffalo robe by the fire and set out to find

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

the lost brothers. The Wind Man whistled low and soft, and a big wind, pushing a great, soft, fleecy cloud before him, flew right down to the earth.

“ ‘Get into the cloud. It’s soft and easy,’ ordered the Wind Man. ‘I’ll ride the wind. It suits me better; for it’s more like living.’

“ ‘The Mole Man and the youngest brother seated themselves on the cloud; the Wind Man got astride the Wind; and off they went toward the Land of the Supernatural People. In a very short time they came to the mouth of the Underworld. But the Wind Man never stopped. Right into the open mouth of the cave he drove the cloud, and on through the dark passageway he went. Soon they saw the light of the camp fire of the Supernatural People ahead. But the Wind Man never stopped. Straight ahead he drove the cloud; and down it swooped, like a great eagle, upon the merrymakers, as they beat their drums and whistled and sang and danced round the great log fire.

“ In a hundred directions flew the fire, and the flames flared up fiercely and angrily until they lost themselves in the blackness of the region above. With shouts of terror the Supernatural People fled in all directions and hid themselves

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

in the darkness far beyond the reach of the light.

“The Wind Man laughed and laughed until his round sides shook with merriment. Turning to the Wind, he said:

“‘Go and look in every corner until you have found the nine brothers which the Old Witch has hidden away somewhere in this Under-world.’

“The Wind rushed off and peeped into every hole and corner. Soon he shouted out of the darkness, far beyond the light of the camp fire:

“‘Here they are, master! Here they are!’

“The Mole Man and the youngest brother each seized a brand from the camp fire and ran in the direction of the voice of the Wind. They soon came to a grotto, the mouth of which was stopped up with great stones. These the Wind rolled away as though they had been playthings.

“Out came the nine brothers, all safe and sound, and almost as fat as the Wind Man himself; for, as you know, the Old Witch had been fattening them up.

“The Mole Man and the ten brothers all got on to the cloud; and the Wind Man drove them home to the wigwam, where they found the old uncle sitting wrapped up in his buffalo robe by the fire. As they entered, he looked up and said:

THE WITCH AND THE WIND MAN

“ ‘ I told you, nephews, to be careful not to go into the Land of the Old Witch on the other side of the Beaver Dam.’

“ And the nine brothers answered all together:

“ ‘ We forgot, uncle.’

“ And the old uncle said:

“ ‘ One should never forget, nephews, especially when one has to deal with the Supernatural People.’ ”

IX

THE SNAKE-OGRE

THE whole northern and western sky was lit up with lights that are seen only in northern and western countries. It was in the late afternoon of a summer day; and the members of the Wigwam sat outside the lodge. They had been watching the combination of sunset and northern lights with great interest as the one continued to soften and blend into the other.

"That picture is grander than any in the Cathedral at Montreal," said Baptiste who had an eye for the artistic.

"It changes oftener than the hunter who outwitted the Snake-ogre," said Orono, who had been following the shifting panorama of lights.

"How did the hunter outwit the Snake-ogre, Orono?" inquired the Factor.

"That's a long story," answered Orono.

"It ought to be a good story," said the Lawyer.

THE SNAKE-OGRE

“It is a good story,” answered Orono. “As Iagoo says, it is a story for children and men, and one that the old men like very much.”

“Well, here we are—child, men and old men—waiting to hear the story,” said the Factor.

“Then I have no choice but to tell it,” said Orono.

“One day, as a hunter was returning home in the late afternoon through the forest, he met a very pleasant old man of whom he inquired the way, for the part of the forest in which he found himself was quite strange to him.

“‘You are a long way from home,’ said the old man. ‘You must have taken the wrong trail. My wigwam is not far from here; come and stay with me for the night, and you can continue your journey early in the morning.’

“As the night was not far off and the old man seemed so pleasant, the hunter accepted the invitation. Together they descended a hill, and there at the foot of it, on the shore of a creek, was the wigwam of the stranger.

“An old woman was making soup in an earthen kettle. The hunter was very hungry, for he had eaten nothing since early morning; so he found the smell of the soup very pleasing, and he thought what a lucky fellow he was to have met

THE SNAKE-OGRE

the old man in the forest just when he had lost his way and the night was close at hand.

“As he watched the old woman stir the soup, it seemed to him that she looked fearfully at the old man. He wondered why she should do that, he was such a pleasant fellow; and he turned to have another look at his kindly face. Just as he did so, the fire flared up for a moment and lighted the corner where the old man sat in the darkness. From the corner two eyes glared at him like those of a hungry beast. For a moment only. Then the old man smiled pleasantly and inquired:

“‘You are hungry, brother, are you not, after your long hunt?’

“The old woman cast a warning glance at the hunter. It seemed to say to him, ‘Don’t eat here!’ He was hungry, very hungry, and the soup smelled wonderfully good; but he said:

“‘No, I am not hungry, I had just eaten a lunch before I met you in the forest.’

“‘A young, healthy hunter can always eat more; and the soup will be ready soon,’ said the old man.

“The hunter pretended to be very sleepy. He nodded and nodded; and soon he was apparently sound asleep. He had taken care to roll into the

THE SNAKE-OGRE

shadow out of the light of the fire, from whence he could watch all that went on in the wigwam.

“ ‘Is the soup ready?’ inquired the old man.

“ ‘No,’ answered the woman, who suspected that the hunter was only pretending to be asleep. ‘The last man you brought here was old and tough, and it has taken a long time to cook him.’

“ ‘Don’t talk so loud. The young fellow may hear you!’ cautioned the old man.

“ ‘Oh, he’s sound asleep,’ answered the old woman. ‘He’s dead tired out, and if you don’t disturb him, he won’t wake up till morning.’

“ ‘He won’t be tough,’ said the old man.

“ ‘No; he’ll be tender enough,’ agreed the woman.

“ ‘I’ll have him for breakfast in the morning,’ said the old man.

“ ‘Not if I have anything to say about it,’ thought the hunter.

“ ‘He’s pretty sound asleep,’ said the old man, nodding toward the hunter. ‘I’ll just tie him up now so as to have him safe for the morning.’

“ ‘You’re tired and the soup is ready,’ said the woman. ‘You like it real hot, you know; so you’d better wait until after supper. If he wakes up, you can stuff him well with soup, and he will sleep all the sounder. If he doesn’t wake up,

THE SNAKE-OGRE

then you'll know he's very tired indeed. After you have eaten, I'll help you tie him up.'

"As the hunter, lying in the shadow, looked out of the corner of one eye, he saw the hungry, wolfish look come into the face of the old man again. The woman took the pot from the fire and set it on the ground near the old man, who began to eat the boiling hot soup with a basswood spoon.

"'Be careful!' cautioned the old woman. 'It's very hot.'

"'So much the better,' said the old man, as he swallowed the boiling soup. 'You can't make it too hot for me.'

"He was only a little man, but he ate and ate until the hunter thought he must burst. But at last he put the basswood spoon back into the pot and stopped eating.

"'You haven't eaten nearly enough, master,' said the old woman. 'Here's a very fine hand; and you are fond of hands.'

"She fished a human hand out of the soup kettle.

"The old man took the hand and began to pick the bones.

"'There's less meat on this than on a ground squirrel,' he grumbled.

THE SNAKE-OGRE

“ When he had finished picking the hand, the old woman said:

“ ‘ Here’s a fine shin-bone. You like shin-bones.’

“ He took the shin-bone and began to pick it.

“ ‘ It’s tougher than the claw of a diver,’ he grumbled.

“ When he had finished picking the shin-bone, the old woman said:

“ ‘ Here’s a fine head. You like heads.’

“ The woman continued to feed him until he had eaten everything in the pot. By this time he was so drowsy from sitting beside the fire and stuffing himself that he rolled over in his blanket and in a moment was sound asleep.

“ The old woman put another pot on the fire and proceeded to cook supper for herself. When it was done she said to the hunter, in a low voice:

“ ‘ You must be very hungry; come and have supper with me.’

“ As they ate, the old woman said:

“ ‘ You must leave here to-night, for this is the wigwam of Snake-ogre, the greatest magician in the forest. If you stay here till morning, he will kill and eat you. When he finds in the morning that you are gone, he will follow your trail; and so great is his magic, he will never lose it, no mat-

THE SNAKE-OGRE

ter how you cover it up. But, if you are clever enough, you may outwit him. I have been doing so myself, for a long time. One day he brought me here to eat me. But I cooked him such a fine soup he kept me as cook instead. To-night I wanted to talk to you; for something told me you are bold and clever enough to outwit Snake-ogre. So I stuffed him until he ate himself asleep. He won't wake up till morning. But though I often outwit him, I have never dared to try to escape for fear he would catch me and eat me. If you outwit him and kill him, then I may go back home to my people.'

" 'Does Snake-ogre travel very fast?' inquired the hunter.

" 'Faster than the wind,' answered the old woman.

" 'Then how am I to escape him?'

" 'On the wall of the wigwam behind you,' said the old woman, 'hangs a new pair of magic moccasins which Snake-ogre has not yet worn. With them you will be able to go faster than the fastest wind. But however fast you go, he will overtake you by evening. Then you must outwit him as I do, or he will kill you and eat you.'

" 'And how can I do that?' asked the hunter.

" 'In the breast of the hunting shirt of Snake-

THE SNAKE-OGRE

ogre is a very powerful amulet fastened to a string about his neck. If you can get it, then you will be able to change yourself into any kind of animal you wish. Many a time I have made up my mind to get it; but I have always been afraid to open his hunting shirt.'

"The hunter took the new moccasins of Snake-ogre from the wall and put them on. They fitted him perfectly; for they were magic moccasins, and they always fitted themselves to the feet that wore them. Then he went over to the sleeping ogre; opened his hunting shirt; took out the amulet and put in its place another just like it, which the old woman had given him. Then he closed up the neck of the hunting shirt again.

"'You must bind and gag me,' said the old woman; 'for if you don't, the ogre will know I have helped you, and he will kill me and eat me in the morning.'

"So the hunter bound and gagged the old woman, and leaving her on the floor of the wigwam, he went out into the night.

"The moon was shining so bright its rays penetrated the thick foliage of the forest trees.

"The hunter spoke to the magic moccasins, saying:

"'Good moccasins, take me as swiftly and

THE SNAKE-OGRE

as far as you can before the night comes again!’

“All that night and the following day he traveled over mountains and forests and lakes. When the night came again, he had gone so far that he thought:

“‘The Snake-ogre can never catch me now!’

“But just as he said this he heard the terrible cry of the ogre in the distance. He remembered the old woman’s words:

“‘However fast you go, he will overtake you in the evening. Then you must outwit him, or he will kill you and eat you.’

“He took the magic amulet from his hunting shirt and said to it:

“‘Good amulet, change me at once into a toad!’

“And at once he was changed into a toad.

“Up came the ogre in a terrible rage; and when he spied the toad, he cried:

“‘Have you seen a fine, fat young hunter?’

“‘Yes, I have,’ answered the toad. ‘He went past here like the wind, jumping from mountain peak to mountain peak and leaping over rivers and lakes as though they were playthings. You will have to go pretty fast if you catch up with him.’

THE SNAKE-OGRE

“ ‘I believe you are he,’ said the ogre.

“ ‘I?’ said the toad, with a laugh. ‘Why, I couldn’t jump over a fallen log. You’d better give up the race and stay with me over night.’

“ ‘You wouldn’t make a mouthful, or I’d eat you!’ howled the ogre, as he rushed off in the direction he thought the hunter had gone.

“The hunter changed himself into his own form and started off in another direction. All that night and the next day he traveled; and when the night came he had reached the bank of a river.

“ ‘I shall stop here and rest,’ he said. ‘Surely the ogre will not overtake me; for I have gone in one direction and he in another.’

“Just then he heard the voice of the ogre in the distance; and he took out his amulet and said:

“ ‘Good amulet, change me into a little fish!’

“And at once he was changed into a little red sunfish.

“Up came the ogre, and when he saw the fish in the water, he inquired:

“ ‘Little red sunfish, have you seen a fine fat young hunter?’

“ ‘Yes, I have,’ said the sunfish. ‘He rushed by here a short while ago like the wind, jumping from mountain peak to mountain peak and leap-

THE SNAKE-OGRE

ing over rivers and lakes as though they were playthings. You'll have to go pretty fast if you catch up with him.'

" 'I believe you are he,' said the ogre.

" 'I?' said the sunfish. 'Why, I can't even jump out of the water after a fly. You seem to be tired. You'd better stay here with me over night.'

" 'I don't like minnows, or I'd eat you!' shrieked the ogre in a rage, as he rushed off up the river.

" Again the hunter resumed his own form and hurried down the river, which was very wide and very long. All night and all day he traveled; and when the night had come he thought:

" 'Surely the ogre will not overtake me now; for he went up the river and I have come down it to the mouth.'

" At that moment he heard the loud laugh of the ogre.

" He took out his amulet and said:

" 'Good amulet, change me into a sea-turtle!'

" At once he was changed into a great green turtle; and the turtle dropped into the wide mouth of the river.

" Along came the ogre, following the trail to the river bank. He saw the great green turtle

THE SNAKE-OGRE

floating lazily on the surface of the water, and he inquired:

“ ‘Green turtle, have you seen a fine, fat young hunter?’

“ ‘No,’ said the turtle. ‘I have been asleep in the sun all day; and I haven’t had time to see any one.’

“ The ogre looked sharply at the turtle. ‘You are fine and fat,’ he said. ‘I believe you are he.’

“ ‘I?’ said the turtle. ‘A pretty hunter I’d make. Why, I’m too lazy to hunt the flies off my back.’

“ ‘I don’t like the water, or I’d go in there and eat you,’ shrieked the ogre, as he ran off into the darkness.

“ Again the hunter changed himself into his own form and ran on all day and all night until at last he came to a great beaver meadow by the side of a river. He said to himself:

“ ‘Here I can certainly rest for the night, since the Snake-ogre was afraid to cross the river.’

“ Just then he heard the footsteps of the ogre running very fast upon his trail. Pulling out the amulet from his hunting shirt, he said:

“ ‘Good amulet, change me into a beaver!’

“ And at once he was changed into a beaver.

“ Up came the Snake-ogre, puffing like the

THE SNAKE-OGRE

wind; for he was tired from so much running. When he saw the beaver, he inquired:

“ ‘ Good beaver, have you seen a nice fat young hunter?’

“ ‘ Yes,’ said the beaver, ‘ he came running past here, swift as the wind, a short while ago. He was taking steps longer than the tallest tree; and, as he went by, he stepped right on the top of my house and nearly broke it; and almost frightened me to death.’

“ The ogre looked very closely at the beaver and said:

“ ‘ I believe you are he.’

“ ‘ I?’ said the beaver, with surprise. ‘ A pretty hunter I’d make; and a nice race I’d run with the Snake-ogre. Why, I never go farther than the forest around the edge of this meadow.’

“ ‘ If you were not so fishy, I’d eat you,’ howled the ogre in a terrible rage; ‘ but I hate fish.’ And on he rushed across the beaver meadow into the darkness of the night.

“ Once more the hunter changed himself into his own form and hurried on all day and all night. At sunset he came to a great swamp, and he thought:

“ ‘ I will rest for the night on the edge of this swamp. The Snake-ogre will not find me here,

THE SNAKE-OGRE

since he went on up toward the mountains and I have come down here to the plains.'

"Just then he heard the wicked laugh of the ogre. He took out his amulet and said:

" 'Good amulet, change me into a frog!'

"Quietly the frog slipped into the green water of the swamp.

"The ogre rushed up, and looking down into the water, he cried:

" 'I see you, little green frog! Tell me, have you seen a fine, fat young hunter?'

" 'Yes,' said the frog. 'He came running past here a few minutes ago so fast he frightened me, and I slipped into the water.'

"The ogre looked at the frog very closely, and said:

" 'You have long legs and a fat body. I believe you are he.'

" 'I?' cried the frog, with a loud croak which he intended for a laugh. 'A fine hunter I'd make. Why, I couldn't beat a grasshopper in a race.'

" 'I don't like frogs, or I'd eat you,' snapped the ogre; and he rushed away across the Great Swamp.

"Off went the hunter in the opposite direction; and early next morning he came to a great lake

THE SNAKE-OGRE

on the shore of which was a monster moose getting ready to swim across.

“ ‘Good moose,’ said the hunter, ‘I am running away from the Snake-ogre who wants to eat me. Take me across the Great Lake. On the other side the Snake-ogre will surely not find me; for he hates the water, and he will not be able to cross this wide lake.’

“ ‘Jump on my back, and I’ll take you across,’ said the moose.

“The hunter got on the back of the moose who swam with him all day across the lake. Just at sunset he left him on the farther shore.

“ ‘I am very tired,’ thought the hunter. ‘For six days and six nights I have not slept. I’ll lie down here under these trees and go to sleep; for the Snake-ogre will certainly never be able to reach me here.’

“Just then he heard the savage laugh of the ogre, who had gone around by the shore.

“The hunter took the amulet from the bosom of his hunting shirt and said:

“ ‘Good amulet, change me into a muskrat!’

“And at once he was changed into a muskrat.

“Up came the ogre, puffing and limping, for he was very tired and lame from his long race

THE SNAKE-OGRE

around the shore of the lake. When he saw the muskrat he cried:

“ ‘ Little muskrat, have you seen a nice, fat young hunter? ’

“ ‘ I should say I have, ’ cried the muskrat, in a very angry voice. ‘ A little while ago he ran by here; and he trampled on my house and completely spoiled it. If you go on, you’ll find him. But be careful you recognize him; for if you don’t, he’ll kill you; for, on the seventh day, his amulet is all powerful. ’

“ ‘ You croak worse than a frog, ’ said the ogre impatiently. ‘ If you were not so little and so hairy, I’d eat you. But I hate hairy things. ’

“ On rushed the ogre, still limping, over the forest; and the hunter set off in the opposite direction. Very fast he went; for he had rested all day on the back of the moose. He thought:

“ ‘ The Snake-ogre is tired and he is limping. I surely can escape him this time, if I only run fast enough. ’

“ All night and all day he ran; and at night he came to the edge of a very deep pond. He thought:

“ ‘ Seven days and seven nights I have been running, with time neither to rest nor to sleep.

THE SNAKE-OGRE

I will lie down here under these bushes and sleep until morning.'

"Just then he heard the steps of the ogre, as he came limping worse than on the previous night, but still running fast.

"He pulled out his amulet and said:

" 'Good amulet, change me into a land turtle.'

"And at once he was changed into a land turtle. Just as the ogre came limping up, he slipped into the pond.

" 'I see you, little land turtle,' exclaimed the ogre. 'Tell me, have you seen a nice fat young hunter?'

" 'Yes, I have,' answered the land turtle. 'He is lying asleep on the other side of the pond.'

" 'Is this pond very big?' inquired the ogre.

" 'Very,' said the turtle. 'It takes many, many days to run around it. In fact, some people say it is so large that no one has ever run around it.'

" 'Tell me how I can get across it. I am very swift on land; but I am no good on water,' said the ogre.

" 'Get on my back, and I'll take you across,' said the turtle.

"The ogre got on the back of the land turtle, who swam out into the deepest part of the pond;

THE SNAKE-OGRE

and there he dived and left the ogre to drown, which he soon did; for though he was swift on land, he was no good on water.

“The hunter slept under the bushes that night, as he had intended; and the next morning early he set out for the wigwam of the ogre. The old woman was very glad to hear that the ogre was dead. When the hunter offered to return to her the amulet and the magic moccasins, she said:

“‘No, keep them. They belong to you, for you were bold enough to get them and to use them against the ogre.’

“The old woman went home with the hunter and she lived with him and cooked very good dinners for him.

“The hunter became a great medicine man, because of his magic amulet and moccasins; and to this day the people have not forgotten him; for they still relate the story of how he raced with the Snake-ogre and drowned him at last.”

X

OMEMEE

THE breath of spring was in the air. From the dead leaves of the past year the flowers peeped forth; and the mosses had become green about the roots of the forest trees. A cluster of wild honeysuckle had climbed over a fallen log,—a huge, dead monarch of the wood. The Factor gathered a bouquet and set off down the hill toward the village.

As the old man approached, Iagoo was sitting in front of the Wigwam making an ash bow for little Pierre, who stood attentively admiring his skill as he shaped the wood with his knife, heavy in the middle and light and graceful toward the ends. He looked up from his work and said, gazing at the flowers in the hand of the Factor:

“So the blood of brave women has again appeared! The summer must surely be close to us now.”

“What is the story of the blood of brave women, Iagoo?” inquired the Factor.

OMEMEE

"Many years ago," said Iagoo, "the snow came in great drifts into the open meadow where the village lay at the edge of the forest, and drove all the wild animals to their dens. The people suffered much from the cold and many died from frost and famine. So, when the first days of spring came and the waters began to rise in the rivers and the streams, there was great rejoicing among the people; for the game returned to the forest and the fish were plentiful in the streams.

"All the village had gathered together for the spring dance, held in honor of the Sun who had driven the Winter back into the North-land, when a young warrior, who had been hunting up the river, came in all out of breath with the news that a strong body of Erie Indians, in their war paint, were coming toward the village. The warriors at once seized their arms and prepared to offer battle, while the old men retreated to the hills with the women and the children, to a secret hiding place used by the tribe in times of great danger.

"The battle was long and furious; but the Erie were many. They forced their way into the village, and the warriors who defended it were able to save themselves only because it stood at the edge of the thick forest and the night came on

OMEMEE

while they were fighting for their homes. In the darkness they made their way to the hiding place of the old men, the women and the children in the hills.

“ For days the Erie remained in the neighborhood, searching for them without being able to find them. They surrounded the hills in which they knew the village people must be hidden and prevented them from going out to hunt or to obtain food. And as the besieged had brought little with them in their hurried retreat, they were in great danger of dying from starvation.

“ The warriors were preparing to steal forth one night and attack the Erie when Omemee, the younger daughter of the Great Chief, begged of her father that he would call the people together in council that she might speak to them. And when they had come together, she said, addressing them:

“ ‘ Last night the Spirits came to me in my sleep and said: ‘ Omemee, it is given to you to save your people. On the side of the Rising Sun, where the cliff reaches almost straight upward from the Beaver Meadow, are many great, loose rocks. Go forth and lead the enemy under the cliff, while the young men and old, the women and the children, roll these rocks to the edge of

OMEMEE

the cliff above, so that when the Erie come under it, they may drop them upon them and kill them.'

"The warriors, the young men and the old, held council together, and they said:

" 'It is the voice of the Great Spirit speaking through the child. If we do this, we shall be saved. If we fail to heed the voice, we must perish.'

"The Great Chief said:

" 'Omeme, since the voice of the Great Spirit calls, my daughter, go and do as he bids thee!'

"Omeme went forth from the hiding place of her people in ragged clothes and with her face smeared to look as if she had been wandering for days in the forest. Straight toward the Erie she went; and that afternoon a scout found her and brought her into camp, where she was questioned and threatened with death if she did not reveal the hiding place of her people.

"She said:

" 'How can I tell you where my people are? If I knew would I not have gone there myself?'

"The Erie consulted together.

" 'What this little girl says sounds reasonable,' they said.

" 'That's so,' agreed the chief. 'But it may be

OMEMEE

she knows more than she admits. If we torture her, she may tell something.'

"So they tied her to a stake and began to stick pine splinters into her body. She pretended to be very much frightened and said:

" 'Don't burn me, good Erie; and I will show you where my people are.'

" 'I was wise, my brothers,' laughed the Chief. 'The little one knew more than she was willing to tell.'

"Then, turning to Omemee, he said:

" 'Take care, girl, not to lie again; for next time we will surely burn you.'

"Next morning Omemee led the Erie to the foot of the cliff, and pointing upward, she said:

" 'Up above there are my people. But it is so high you will never climb up there. Even my voice will not reach to the top of the cliff.'

"She uttered the shrill cry of the mountain cat; and at the call out of the sky came a mass of rocks and stones, and buried every warrior beneath them. Up above, on the top of the cliff, men, women and children continued to roll down rocks and stones upon them long after they were all dead.

"Next spring, over the great pile of stones which marked the resting place of Omemee and

OMEMEE

the Erie warriors, grew great masses of honeysuckle, which in time blossomed out into purplish-red flowers; and since that day this plant has been known as the 'blood of brave women.' "

"It is a good story, Iagoo," said the Factor; "a very good story."

"Yes, it is a good story," he answered; "for it is the story of a very brave deed done by a child."

XI

THE SUN PRINCESS

"ACROSS the Beaver Meadow, in the edge of the forest," said Baptiste, "I came upon a fairy ring to-day. The grass was overgrown and the weeds were thick all around the ring; but within it there were no weeds and the grass was scarcely an inch long; and it was thin and sickly, as though it had been trampled so much it had not had a chance to grow."

"There are not many magic rings now," said Orono. "One scarcely ever meets with one; and when he does, it is always overgrown with grass, showing that the Supernatural People have not danced on it for a long time. But it was not so when I was a boy. Then the Supernatural People held their dances so often that not a blade of grass grew within the magic rings."

"Tell us about the magic rings and the Supernatural People, Orono," said the Factor.

"Once upon a time, in the long ago," began

THE SUN PRINCESS

Spout

Orono, "the great chief West Wind was out hunting far from home when he came upon a dancing ring of the Supernatural People in a clearing in the forest. Within the circle all the earth was tramped flat and smooth as though by the feet of many dancers. All about the ring he went examining every foot of ground very carefully; but not a trace of a pathway leading to it could he find.

"'It must be a witch's magic circle,' he thought; 'for the dancers have come here through the air.'

"Now, as West Wind had never seen a real live witch, he set to work to watch the ring. He was sure the dancers must soon return to it; for he knew that the dances must be held quite often to keep the dancing floor free of weeds and grass, as he had found it. Three days he watched the ring; but nothing except the birds and the squirrels came to play in it. Then he thought:

"'The witches must surely come by night. Why did I not think of that?'

"So he made himself a bark shelter in the shade of some pine trees, close to the magic dancing ring; and there he slept that night. In the morning he was awakened by the sound of the most beautiful music and the faint tramping of

THE SUN PRINCESS

many feet. Peeping out cautiously through the branches of the pine trees, he beheld the most wonderful sight he had seen in his life. There in the dim light of coming day—for the sun had not yet risen—strange, fair women with long, streaming golden hair were dancing the Sun Dance with never a man among them. They were all dressed in white; and their shining garments shone like the silver face of the Moon. Very beautiful were all the maidens; but one who seemed to be the leader in the dance was taller, more stately and more beautiful than any of the others.

“In his eagerness to get a better view of this fair dancer, West Wind parted the branches; and, in doing so, he made a slight noise. In a moment the music and the dancing stopped. The maidens looked fearfully around; then, rushing from the ring, they scrambled into a great willow basket.

“West Wind sprang after them; but the basket rose from the ground quickly and sailed upward over the tops of the trees, where it was soon lost from sight.

“For many days West Wind watched for the willow basket and the golden-haired dancers. But they never came back. At last he took the

THE SUN PRINCESS

trail homeward, very sorrowful at heart; for the frost and the snow were in the air; and he knew the Supernatural People would not come in the cold weather.

“ Soon after West Wind reached home, the long and dreary winter came and piled the snow up about the wigwams so high and spread it so thick within the forest that the hunters did not venture far from home. West Wind, who had been the most active of the young braves, sat by the fireside, gloomy and silent. And his friends said:

“ ‘ What has happened to our brother, West Wind? Once he was the keenest of all the hunters. No trail was too cunning for him to follow, and no runner was so swift as he; for he could tire out the fleet mountain deer. Now he sits silent by the fire all day, gloomy and sad.’

“ But West Wind heeded them not. Perhaps he did not hear them; for his thoughts were ever with the tall and beautiful maiden he had seen leading the dance in the magic ring in the heart of the forest.

“ All the winter through West Wind sat by the fire; and never once did he go out to hunt with the young men. But when the spring came, and the ice broke up in the rivers and

THE SUN PRINCESS

the snow disappeared from the hills and the valleys, he arose and went forth alone into the forest.

"The old men shook their heads gravely and said:

" 'Some evil spirit is troubling our brother, West Wind.'

"And the wise men shook their heads and said:

" 'Yes, some evil spirit is surely troubling our brother, West Wind.'

"With his magic moccasins West Wind went quickly forward on the trail, over valley and hill, through open meadow and forest. Steps he took longer than the tallest trees. Yet long seemed the way; for he was going once more to visit the magic ring in the far-distant West-land, in the land lying up against the mountains where the sun goes down.

"Twice four days he traveled to the Great River; and twice four days beyond that; and then he came to the Land-where-the-Sun-goes-down. He had left the snow and the cold far behind and had come to the Spring-land.

"Thick were the leaves on all the trees; green was the grass on mountain and valley; and the flowers looked out at him from the earth's bright face like so many eyes watching him, as he hur-

THE SUN PRINCESS

ried, as fast as his magic moccasins could take him, to the fairy ring in the forest.

"Only the flowers themselves, who had crept on to the ring, knew how heavy his heart was, when he saw it was all overgrown with weeds and grass. And only they heard him say:

" 'No one has danced here since I was here last year.'

"As West Wind turned away from the ring, he thought:

" 'Surely, they must have come again to the Earth-land in some other place! Wherever it is, I must find it.'

"For many, many days West Wind searched everywhere in the valleys and on the mountains. But nowhere did he find the magic ring. All the summer through he wandered up and down, asking every one he met:

" 'Have you seen a magic ring in the forest?'

"But no one had seen anything like a magic ring; or if they had, they would not admit it; for it is sure to bring bad luck to talk about the Supernatural People or anything that belongs to them, if one happens to see them.

"Already the autumn had come, and West Wind had found neither the magic ring nor the fairy princess. The dreamy smoke from the pipe

THE SUN PRINCESS

of the Great Spirit covered all the sky and the cold breath of the North Spirit had turned the green leaves to red and brown and yellow, and copper and silver and gold. He thought sorrowfully:

“ ‘They will not come now; for the winter is almost here. I shall go home and come back again next year. Then surely I shall find them.’

“ He sat down on the crooked root of a great cedar tree and thought how lonesome it would be to have to sit by the fire again all the long winter through as he had done the past year; and he began to think aloud:

“ ‘Where can the Magic Dancing Ring be? I have inquired everywhere and I have asked every one; and no one knows. I have asked all the animals, and not a single one has seen it or can say where it is.’

“ ‘No, West Wind, you haven’t asked all the animals. You haven’t asked me,’ said a tiny little beast in a tiny little voice, as he peeped forth with bright eyes from the hollow of a great cedar tree.

“ ‘Very true, little Chipmunk, I haven’t asked you,’ said West Wind. ‘You have always been the good friend of man. Can you tell me where to find the Magic Dancing Ring?’

THE SUN PRINCESS

“ ‘This morning,’ answered the Chipmunk, ‘I saw fair-haired Supernatural People dancing in a Magic Ring.’

“ ‘Will you take me to this Magic Dancing Ring, good Chipmunk?’ said West Wind.

“ ‘You can easily find it yourself,’ said the Chipmunk. ‘Go to the River, beyond the great elm; then follow the bank until you come to the Beaver Meadow. There you will find the Magic Dancing Ring.’

“ ‘Thank you, little Chipmunk,’ said West Wind. ‘From this day no harm shall come to you; and you shall make your home near the dwelling place of man, and you shall not fear him.’

“ West Wind went to the river bank and followed it to the Beaver Meadow. There he found the Dancing Ring of the Supernatural People. Not a blade of grass or weed or flower or other living thing grew upon it. The dancing place was smooth and hard and shiny. West Wind thought:

“ ‘Surely they have been here lately; and they may come again this year; for it is not yet winter.’

“ At once he began to build himself a bark wigwam in the forest close to the Magic Dancing

THE SUN PRINCESS

Ring. In the midst of a clump of cedar trees he built it. So close together did they stand that no one from without could see him at work. Every morning at sunrise he waited for the dancers. For three days he watched; but they did not appear. Just as he was beginning to fear that the winter had driven them away, and that they would not come back until next year, and then only to some other Dancing Ring, and as he was saying to himself, 'I shall stay here until the snow comes and covers up the earth; then I shall go home and come again next year,' the Supernatural People came floating lightly down through the air in their magic willow basket. As West Wind watched them from behind a great cedar tree, he thought that their faces were fairer, their hair yellower and their garments more glistening white than the year before.

"The maidens began at once to sing and dance, to blow their whistles and beat their drums. The tall one led the dance, which, as West Wind could see, was in honor of the great Sun-father. So interested was he in the dance, he forgot, for the moment, why he was there.

"The dancers changed positions and the tall one headed a march around the ring. So close to the edge did they pass that West Wind could

THE SUN PRINCESS

almost have touched them with his hand, had he cared to do so. He waited until the dancers marched around the second time. Then, whispering to his magic moccasins, 'Go quickly, my good moccasins!' he sprang from behind the tree and seized the tall maiden in his arms.

"The other Supernatural People ran to their willow basket, and uttering magic words, sent it quickly from the earth. Off it sailed over the tops of the trees and was soon lost to sight.

"Very strong was the tall maiden; but very strong was West Wind, too; so, after she had struggled for some time to free herself, and the willow car had disappeared over the forest, she began to cry ever so softly.

"West Wind spoke to her low, sweet words of love. Soon she stopped crying and looked at him, and she saw that he was a very handsome warrior; as handsome as any in all the Land of the Sun, her father; and she forgot the willow basket and her sisters and the shining Sun-land.

"That same day West Wind set out for home, taking the Sun Maiden with him. His heart was so glad it kept singing to him every day and all day long, as he traveled as fast as his magic moccasins could go. Light seemed the Sun Maiden as he carried her in his arms. Much she won-



**“That same day West Wind set out for home, taking the
Sun Maiden with him.” *Page 222.***

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles.

2. The second part of the document is a list of names and titles.

3. The third part of the document is a list of names and titles.

THE SUN PRINCESS

dered as the magic moccasins went faster than the wind, over mountain and valley, over river and lake. In twice four days they came to the Great River; and in twice four days more to the home of West Wind.

“ Much the young men and the old men marveled at the wonderful beauty of the wife West Wind had brought back with him from his journey into the West-land, into the Summer-land.

“ The very old Sachem shook his head, saying:

“ ‘ She is no Earth-maiden, this wife of West Wind. She must be from the Sun-land; for only the Sun-people have such fair faces and such yellow hair.’

“ All the warriors, all the hunters, young men and old men, shook their heads, saying:

“ ‘ She is surely no Earth-maiden, this wife of West Wind; for who among the Earth-women have such fair faces and yellow hair?’

“ The young women and the old women said:

“ ‘ Truly this wife which West Wind has brought back with him from the West-land is no Earth-maiden. Why has he brought such a handsome stranger among us to put shame upon us with her fair face and her yellow hair?’

“ West Wind knew nothing of the talk of the people. By and by they became accustomed

THE SUN PRINCESS

to the fair woman with the yellow hair; and they began to love her, she was so kind and good and so thoughtful of every one. Then the old men and the young men began to say:

“ ‘ What a fortunate man is West Wind! No one is more lucky than he in the chase; none is more eloquent than he at the meetings in the great council chamber; and in all the village there is no one who has a handsomer, kinder and more skilful wife than he; and the face of his daughter shines bright as the Sun himself.’

“ One day there was great sorrow in the village, for the wife of West Wind had disappeared. Far and wide the young men, the keenest and best hunters, searched for her. But not even a trace of her did they find.

“ A week later West Wind came upon a Magic Dancing Circle in the forest. It was smooth and level; and not a blade of grass, a plant, a flower or a living thing grew upon it. Heavy was his heart, for he knew what had become of his wife.

“ Day after day West Wind watched the Magic Dancing Ring till the rain had roughened its surface, and the grass and plants had crowded in upon it and almost hidden it. Then the winter came and piled his snow upon it.

“ Years passed, and the daughter of West

THE SUN PRINCESS

Wind grew up as fair and beautiful as her mother had been. Tall and straight she was as a young ash tree, and quick and graceful as the fallow deer. Bright was her face as the face of the morning; and her hair was yellow as the hair of the Sun. So the people called her the Sun Maiden.

“Far and wide from all over the land of the Algonquins came the young men to woo her. With handsome gifts they came, gifts such as had never before been brought for a maiden in all the land of the Algonquins. About her father’s wigwam came the hunters, came the warriors, young men and old men, married men and single men; and waited from sunrise to sunset that they might catch a glimpse of her yellow hair and shining face.

“Throughout the village there was weeping of women and crying of children; for the men neglected their homes, their wives and their little ones for love of the Sun Maiden.

“One day the women all came together in the great council chamber; and they sent an invitation to the men to attend the meeting. Wondering very much, they came; for nobody had ever before heard of a meeting of women in the great council chamber, which was sacred to the debates

THE SUN PRINCESS

of the men, the providers of the homes and the protectors of the people.

“As the men approached the council chamber, from within it came the mournful wail of the death song chanted by many scores of female voices. Silently the men came in and took their places against the walls of the lodge. On the faces of all the women who occupied the center were the death marks. To and fro they swayed as they sang the death song. But not another word they spoke. Not once did they look toward their relatives, their friends or their husbands. Low and mournfully they sang at first, as befits those about to leave the Earth-world. Then louder and louder became the chant, as befits those who fear not the long death trail.

“The husbands, listening with sorrowful ears, looked on with troubled eyes.

“The handsome young wife of the Head Chief sang madly, as one who had already set out upon the long trail. For a while the Head Chief watched her in silence. Then he walked over to her and said roughly, said sternly:

“ ‘What’s the meaning of all this noise? Stop it and go home to your work!’

“His handsome young wife looked at him for

THE SUN PRINCESS

the first time since he had come into the council chamber and said:

“ ‘ We have no homes to go to. We are widows; for our husbands have left us to run after the Sun Maiden, she with the smiling face and the yellow hair. Why should we return to our homes to work when there is no one there to work for? Why should we listen to the crying of our children all day long for their fathers who come not back to the wigwam? Leave us alone to sing our death songs; for not even the High Chief has a right to ask us why we sing the song of the trail that leads to the Sky-land.’

“Again she began to chant the death song. Louder and louder sang all the women, all the husbandless wives and mothers; and the men kept silent; for they knew not what to do or what to say.

“A shadow darkened the door. The death song ceased; and the women gazed in wonder at the figure that stood in the doorway, gazed upon the wondrously fair face and yellow hair of West Wind’s daughter; for many of them had never seen her before, since she had not gone among them as her mother had, but had kept to her father’s lodge.

“Quickly the Sun Woman walked into the

THE SUN PRINCESS

council chamber and took her place in the midst of the women and began to chant the death song. Alone she chanted it, for the other women were too much surprised to join her.

"West Wind went over to his daughter and said:

" 'What's the meaning of this?'

"She looked sorrowfully at her father and said:

" 'My grandfather, the Great Sun, has this day called me, and I must go to him. But as I was born in the Earth-land, I can only reach him by the long trail, which all the Earth-people must take to reach the Sky-land. You, my father, once did a grievous wrong to the Sky-people in the person of my mother. My grandfather, the Great Sun, has not forgotten this. Some time ago he called my mother to him, and now he calls me. So long as I stay here, only sorrow can come to the people. My heart is with my sisters; and when I heard them singing the death song, I came to them; for while I am the cause of their sorrow, I have not willed it. The husbands have deserted their wives and children and the young men their betrothed for me. But I have looked with favor upon none of them. I am going upon the long trail to the night lodge of my grand-

THE SUN PRINCESS

father. When I am gone, the young men and the old men will forget that I have been here to trouble their dreams and their homes.'

"Out of the council chamber walked the daughter of West Wind, chanting the death song. And no one stopped her. When she had passed through the doorway, a young brave rose up to follow her; but West Wind blocked the way with threatening look, and he dare not pass.

"Toward the night lodge of the Great Sun went the daughter of West Wind; and the Great Sun himself, smiling upon his grandchild, led the way. As the darkness descended upon the land, she entered the portals of night.

"Early the following morning, a young warrior took up the trail of the Sun Maiden. A little way he followed it; and then he lost it in a great field of yellow dandelions which had grown up wherever the Sun Maiden had passed; wherever her feet had rested."

XII

THE SPIRIT VOICES

"LAST week I went up the river into the real forest country with some Indians," said Baptiste. "We had to make a long portage where the waters boil and plunge over a score or more of white cataracts, as the stream cuts its way through a gorge in the hills. For several hours we climbed toward the uplands, through this gorge, our canoes on our backs and the river sometimes several hundred feet below us, struggling, protesting and churning itself into a white fury in its narrow bed. High above, the hills lifted their heads on each side of us. One would never think that on the uplands above this fearful place one would find the river again, clear, beautiful and peaceful. But such are the strange ways of nature."

He was somewhat of a philosopher, was Baptiste.

"So wild was the gorge," he continued, "so turbulent the mood of the waters, it seemed a

THE SPIRIT VOICES

fitting place for the abode of the spirits of the uninhabited forest. So dreaded was it in the days that are scarcely yet past that not an Indian would venture within it; and few were the *habitants* who would go near it at night. Then the trail led around the mountains, a two-days' journey, to avoid the Pass of the Evil Manitu."

"Were you not afraid to go through the pass, Baptiste?" inquired the Factor.

"I would have been to have gone through it alone," admitted Baptiste. "But the priest was with us; and he sprinkled us all and the canoe with the blessed water before we entered the gorge; and one of the Indians went ahead, carrying a cross. What had we to fear?"

"True," said the Factor, who was himself a devout Catholic and had a strong touch of Celtic superstition in his blood. "I should not have liked to have gone through there myself, especially in the night time."

"We went through in the daytime," said Baptiste; "and it was a good thing that we did; for never such a place have I met with for voices. They seemed to be everywhere about us. Whenever we spoke, they took up our words and called them to one another from side to side of the gorge and from mountain peak to mountain peak."

THE SPIRIT VOICES

Back and forth they shouted them to one another, and they seemed to be unwilling to let go of them."

"I have heard of that place," said Iagoo. "It is the Home of the Spirit Voices."

"Who are the Spirit Voices, Iagoo?" inquired the Lawyer.

"Once upon a time, in the very early days," said Iagoo, "the Great Spirit lived on the earth with men; and he taught them many of the things they now know. But he tired of the Earth-land, and one day he returned to the Sky-land. After he had gone, the people were sorrowful and very lonely, for they could no longer speak with him and tell him all their sorrows and their wants. They sent swift, strong runners out in every direction to look for him. But they were never able to find him; nor did they meet with any one who could tell them in what direction he had gone. At last the evil days arrived when famine came upon all the land. The old and the weak died, and only the strong were able to bear the great suffering which had descended upon the nations.

"The sacred dances were held, the offerings were made to the Great Spirit and the sacred white dog was sacrificed. Loudly chanted the

THE SPIRIT VOICES

people their sacred songs, and loudly they called upon the Great Spirit. But he heard them not; and the smell of the burnt sacrifice did not reach his nostrils, for the Happy Hunting Ground was too far away.

“One day all the sachems of all the nations met together in a great council to decide upon what means should be taken to send word to the Great Spirit, telling him of their suffering. When the sachems had, one after another, given their opinion as to what should be done, the oldest of all the sachems said:

“ ‘ My brothers, I have listened to all you have said; and I find that no one seems to know where the Great Spirit is, or the road that leads to his lodge. Without knowing these things, how can we expect to reach him? Each day some one of us goes over the long trail to the Sky-land; but none of us ever comes back. Nearly all the old men are dead; for they cannot suffer the fasting. I am one of the very few who are still left. But my familiar spirit tells me that, in a day or two, I also shall go upon the long journey. When my time comes, I will lead the way, and you must all try to follow me over the fearful trail.’

“The following morning the old sachem answered the call of the Famine Spirits and took

THE SPIRIT VOICES

the trail to the Happy Hunting Ground, to the shining lodge of the Great Spirit. As the sachems had spent all the night in fasting and in the performance of the secret rites of their order, they were able to see with wonderfully clear eyes. And when the old sachem, fasting with them, heard the call of his brothers from the Sky-land, they saw his spirit body leave his earthly body and pass out silently through the door of the secret council lodge. Quickly they followed it. But so fast did it travel that only the swiftest of foot among them could keep up with it. Those who had to fall behind, on account of old age or the weakness caused by fasting or sickness, picked up the broad trail of those who had gone before. For the four sacred days they traveled thus, over the long and rugged trail and across the terrible black water. Then they all came to the shining lodge of the Great Spirit, who sat in front of the door smoking his red-stone pipe, the long stem of which was ornamented with eagle's feathers, colored porcupine quills, mystic signs and sacred wampum. As he blew great puffs of white smoke into the summer air, they rolled out over the earth and formed the ever-changing clouds.

“ ‘What is it my children wish?’ asked the

THE SPIRIT VOICES

Great Spirit, as the sachems followed the spirit body of their dead brother into his presence.

“ ‘Our Father,’ said the oldest of the living sachems, ‘the famine has come upon all the land; and every day more and more of our people are taking the long trail to thy shining lodge. Day and night they cry out to thee. But thou canst not hear their cries or know their sufferings; for too far away hast thou fixed thy dwelling place; and the trail by which thou hast come here thou hast covered up with thy hands.’

“ ‘What is it you would have, my children?’ asked the Great Spirit kindly.

“ ‘We would have thee, oh, our Father,’ said the oldest of the sachems, ‘move thy dwelling place nearer to us thy children, so that we may be able to call to thee in our joys and our sorrows; that we may invite thee to our sacred dances; that the trail may not be so long and fearful over which the sachems have to come to visit thee, when the great griefs and sufferings of thy people send them.’

“ Silent, very silent was the Great Spirit; and his head was bowed upon his breast, as he thought over what the sachems had said to him. Sorrow was in his heart for his people, who suffered from

THE SPIRIT VOICES

the wickedness of the famine ghosts. At last he raised his head and said:

“ ‘ Pleasant is the voice of my people in my ears, when they tell me of the great deeds they have done; when they sing their sacred songs and dance their sacred dances. Pleasant to me are the voices of their great men, of their sachems and their old men; and I would be present at their feasts and their dances. Go back and tell my people that I shall station all along the sacred trail my messengers, who shall convey to me all their wishes and desires, all their joys and sorrows.’

“ Back over the long trail went the sachems, glad at heart, to the Earth-land. And when they had reached home, they held a meeting in the secret council lodge. Four days they fasted and prayed and performed the sacred rites of their order. And as they were still praying, on the evening of the fourth day, they heard the messengers of the Great Spirit picking up their words and shouting them to other spirits still farther off. From mountain peak to mountain peak called the messengers from the Sky-land to one another, until the faintest voices died out in the far distance.

“ Out of the secret lodge came the sachems

THE SPIRIT VOICES

gravely and silently, as becomes their high office; and they told the good news to the people, told them that the Great Spirit had stationed his messengers on the mountain tops, on the prairie lands and the waters, to carry their messages, their offerings and their prayers to him.

“The people all gathered together as of old, and danced their sacred dances and sang their sacred songs. And the messengers called every word from mountain peak to mountain peak, and over the prairie lands and across the waters; and the Great Spirit, sitting smoking his red-stone pipe in front of his shining lodge, listened with pleasure. When they called to him with entreating voices and told him of the coming of the famine ghosts, his heart was touched with pity, and he descended to the Earth-land and drove the evil spirits back into their dismal caves, and sent again the green verdure which they had eaten from the face of the earth. Then he said:

“‘I will send my medicine men to these, my people, that they may no longer be at the mercy of the famine ghosts, at the mercy of the wicked spirits.’

“Since that day the people have had their medicine men, who speak with the Great Spirit and tell him of their sufferings, of the evil spirits

THE SPIRIT VOICES

who trouble them. Ever since that day, too, the messengers have kept their places upon the tops of the mountains, on the prairies and on the waters, ready to carry the words of the people to the shining lodge of the Great Spirit."

XIII

HOW THE WINTER CAME

It was early in the afternoon, yet the fire was burning lustily in the Wigwam; for the snow was falling without, covering the already burdened earth with one fleecy sheet after another.

"Put another log on the fire, Baptiste," said the Factor. "It is going to be cold to-night. You had better light a torch. It gets dark early now, for these are the shortest days of the year."

"Yes," said René; "the days are short at this time of the year; but they were not always like this. In the long ago the days and the nights were equal."

"And why is it, René," inquired the Factor, "that the days are now shorter in winter and longer in summer?"

"Back in the days when the earth was young," began René, "the Evil Night Spirit came out of his dark cave and gathered all the people about him and said to them:

"For many generations you and your fathers

HOW THE WINTER CAME

have sung songs, danced dances and given offerings to the Great Sun. You think he is all-powerful, and you fear he will hide his face from you if you do not do these things. But he is not powerful, and he could not hide his face if he would; for have you not noticed that he always travels in the same track day after day; and that he goes neither to the right nor to the left? This is because the Great Spirit drives him from his cave every morning; right through the middle of the sky he drives him, just as the prairie people drive their dog teams. Only for a very short time, in the middle of the day, does he allow him to rest; then he drives him onward to the far-distant land of the west. Surely a stupid fellow who allows himself to be driven like a dog is no god?

“Then the Evil Night Spirit began shouting insults at the Great Sun. ‘Go a little faster with your dog sleigh!’ he shouted. ‘Don’t crawl through the sky like a snail, like a miserable slow-crawling snail. The dogs with their sleighs go faster than you do. And yet the people call you a god, and sing and make dances to please you, and offer you the best they have. You can’t go to the right; you can’t go to the left; you must go straight ahead, like a dog harnessed to his sleigh.

HOW THE WINTER CAME

You cannot even run as the dog sometimes runs, for the Great Spirit is your driver. He is getting old, and he likes to make his daily trip just so fast, just so slow, up to the top of the Sky-land and down to the other side again. Only one trail he follows. That is the only trail you know; for that's the only trail he drives you over. If you try to go to the right or to the left, he whips you into the trail. A pretty god you are, a pretty god, indeed!'

"Long and loud laughed the Evil Night Spirit in the face of the Great Sun. 'Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!' laughed he. And the messengers of the Great Spirit, standing on the tops of the mountains, took up the words and shouted them to one another, until at last they were carried to the ears of the Great Sun himself. But he only smiled and went on his way; for he knew the Night Spirit was a very great boaster.

"Anxiously the people watched the face of the Great Sun for signs of his anger. But when they saw that he went on his way, going neither to the right nor to the left, without ever changing his countenance, they began to reason among themselves, saying:

" 'Surely the Night Spirit is right; and this is no god we have been dancing our dances to, sing-

HOW THE WINTER CAME

ing our songs to, and making our offerings to! He is a coward who will not take up a defiance or resent an insult. It is true he goes neither to the right nor to the left, this Great Sun; and he keeps to the same trail day after day. Up to the top of the Sky-land he climbs in the morning, and down the other side he goes in the afternoon. And neither faster nor slower does he run. Surely it must be as the Night Spirit says, that he is driven by the Great Spirit.'

"Then all the people began to shout insults at the Great Sun. 'Hurry up!' they shouted. 'Go a little faster! You creep along like an old man, like a miserable, slow-crawling old man. Go to the right!' shouted one. 'Go to the left!' cried another. 'Ho, ho, ho! he can't,' taunted another. 'He is tied to the sleigh of the Great Spirit; and he must crawl along like a dog, at the humor of an old man, of a very slow-going old man.'

"Thus the people, grown bold at the words of defiance of the Night Spirit, mocked and taunted the Great Sun; and the messengers of the Great Spirit, standing on the tops of the hills, caught up the words and passed them on from one to another, until at last they reached the ears of the Great Sun himself. When the Great Sun, rest-

HOW THE WINTER CAME

ing on the very top of the Sky-land, for it was midday, heard the voices of the people mocking and taunting him, the smile went out of his face. He was very angry, and he hid himself behind a great cloud and remained there so long that the people began to fear he would never come out again.

“After a while the messengers of the Great Spirit, shouting the words of the Great Sun, shouting the thundering words of the Great Sun, conveyed them from the Sky-land to the Earth-land, to the expectant, anxious people:

“‘I will go, as you have defied me to, out of the shining trail the Great Spirit has laid out for me, and leave you to the Night Spirit and his evil attendants. And when I go, I will take my light with me; and henceforth you shall have to live by the light of your pine torches.’

“Long and loud laughed the Night Spirit. ‘Hear the great boaster!’ he shouted. ‘Hear the coward who hides his face behind a cloud!’

“The listening people were afraid of the anger of the Great Spirit; terribly afraid were they. But the mocking voice of the Night Spirit they feared too; feared that he might call them cowards also; that he might mock at them and call them old women.

HOW THE WINTER CAME

"And while they stood there, fearful and uncertain, the Great Sun came forth from behind the cloud and went on his way stately. On down the trail toward the home of the West Wind he went. And the people followed him with wistful eyes. All the afternoon they followed him with anxious gaze, until he went down into the great cave of the West Wind.

"Next morning there was much rejoicing when the Great Sun appeared at his usual time and in his usual place; and happy indeed were the people when he went down into the cave of the West Wind, after having traveled the trail the Great Spirit had laid out for him. For several days they rejoiced. Then some one noticed that he did not appear in the same place where he had always been accustomed to show his face in the morning. Fearfully he communicated his suspicion to others. Anxiously they marked the course of the sun. At midday they noticed he had not climbed to the highest point of the Sky-land; that he had rested over on the downward slope to the northward. Each morning after that they continued to watch him with still more anxious eyes; and each day he rested a little further to the northward. There was no doubt the Great Sun was carrying out his threat to leave them in dark-

HOW THE WINTER CAME

ness; for the days were becoming shorter and shorter and the nights longer and longer. And the summer began to retreat to the South-land. Colder and colder became the days and the nights, as the Great Sun moved his trail farther and farther to the northward; and out of their dark caves came the terrible attendants of the Night Spirit, bringing with them sickness and death. The winds blew fierce, bringing with them the snow out of the North-land and piling it in great drifts about the wigwams. The ice came thick upon the streams, the rivers and the lakes. The famine ghosts pulled aside the fur robes from the doors of the wigwams and looked in through the openings, at the sick, the dying and the dead.

“Everywhere throughout the land was heard the wail of the death song. Like a great sob of despair it came from the stricken heart of the people from whom all hope had departed with the retreating form of the Great Sun to the northward.

“Long and loud laughed the Night Spirit. Long and loud laughed his attendants, as they worked their evil wills upon the people. They rode shrieking upon the night winds; they rattled the bark walls of the wigwams; they lifted the cover rudely from the doorways and looked ex-

HOW THE WINTER CAME

ultingly into the lodges at the sick-at-heart, the dead and the dying.

"Then the sachems, the wise men, said:

"'Let us hold a dance in honor of the Great Sun. Perhaps, when he hears our words of praise, he will have pity on us and come back to us; and drive from our midst the snow and the ice, the winds, the cold and the sickness; drive back into their black caves the Night Spirit and his attendants.'

"And as the sachems, the wise men advised, so it was done. All the people, the men, the women and the children, sang and danced as they had never sung and danced before.

"'Oh, Great Father, hear us!' they cried. 'In our great need, have pity on us and let the light of thy face shine upon us; for now we know that thou art all-great and all-powerful to travel where thou wilt and to work thy will upon those who make little of thee. Hear our piteous cries and come back to us! Father, come back to us!'

"The messengers of the Great Spirit, standing on the mountain tops, caught the music of the dances, the songs and the prayers of the people, and they shouted them out over the cold Northland, over the frozen lakes and rivers, over the frost-covered forests, over the fields of snow.

HOW THE WINTER CAME

From one station to another they shouted them till at last they reached the ears of the Great Sun in the far North-land. The music of the dance, the songs of the people pleased him; and their pitiful prayer touched his heart, and he turned his face southward.

“For eight days the sachems, the wise men, led the Sun-dance and the singing. They beat their drums, they blew their whistles and they offered up prayers for the people. Anxious were their hearts from day to day; but on the eighth day they were sure the Great Sun had listened to their prayers; that their singing and their dancing and the sound of their drums and their whistles had pleased him and that he was coming back to them.

“Before the homeward march of the Great Sun, the snow, the ice and the cold winds retreated; and the evil Night Spirit and his attendants fled to their caves. Longer became the days and shorter the nights. The flowers peeped forth from their hiding places; the green grass again covered the earth; and the leaves came once more upon the trees.

“When the Great Sun had returned to the trail first laid out for him, he sent word, by the messengers of the Great Spirit, to the sachems, to

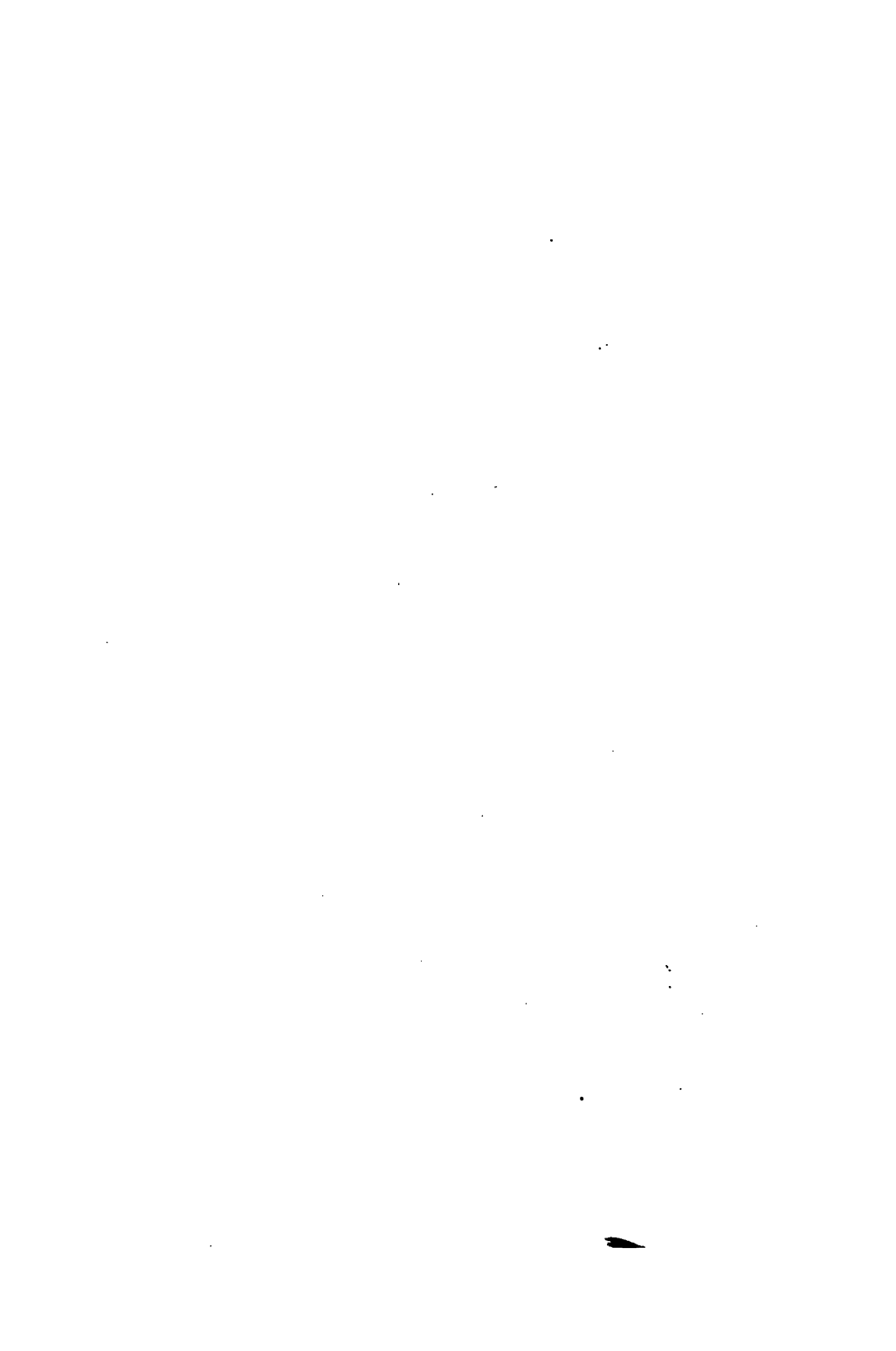
HOW THE WINTER CAME

the wise men, saying, ' Call all the people together in the council lodge, for I would speak to them.'

"And the sachems did as the Great Sun had commanded. And when the people were assembled in the council lodge, the Great Sun spoke these words:

" ' I have heard the cries of my people; I have had pity on their sufferings and I have returned to them. But lest they should forget that I am all-powerful, the bringer of life and death, I shall leave them for a while each year; and I shall shorten the days and lengthen the nights during the time of my absence.'

" This is how the winter came and why the people hold a dance of rejoicing when the Great Sun turns his face southward, turns his face homeward each year."





3 2044 013 658 299

THE BORROWER WILL BE CHARGED
AN OVERDUE FEE IF THIS BOOK IS
NOT RETURNED TO THE LIBRARY ON
OR BEFORE THE LAST DATE STAMPED
BELOW. NON-RECEIPT OF OVERDUE
NOTICES DOES NOT EXEMPT THE
BORROWER FROM OVERDUE FEES.



